

# The Web of Gods and Fate

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Not all Gods are born into greatness, some ascend through great effort and loss. Others through cunning ambition and great malice, and some never rise at all, instead they are left to rot amongst the ever flowing strands of life until they fade into complete obscurity. Petros, the Greek God of Spiders will soon find himself forced to choose his own fate... either Ascend or Die.

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# The Web of Gods and Fate

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# The end

So this shall be a crossover between Spider-man and God of War, two franchises that couldn't be anymore opposite of one another. On one side you got the very mortal Spider-man always fighting the good fight and being a relatable hero that we all root for while on the other side you have the epic badass Anti-hero Kratos that more or less brought about the end times for Greece because he has anger issues.

And trust issues.

And Greek Gods being general assholes.

And Kratos being a asshole, but a awesome one.

Look the first several GOW games are basically what happens when two opposing sides are equally assholes that happen to want the other side dead.

Now let's move on to what your all really here for... the pairings! Given that most women of note in the GOW universe are Goddesses, most of whom you kill, and or other supernatural creatures, again most of whom you kill, the only real paring with Peter in this story will be with Freya annnnnd... A genderbent Kratos because I happen to see a few pictures of a attractive woman cosplaying of Kratos and felt myself questioning things, so many things. Also a few other Nordic and Greek women of the Godly variety.

The story will pick up shortly after the events of God of War 3 and will take place during the apparent 150 or so year gap between GOW 3 and GOW 4. Don't know if it was exactly a 150 but considering that Tyr's temple, which held a bust with Kratos in it, had been underwater for a 150 years we'll just go with it.

Could be just Kratos when he was still serving the Gods or even Ares, who knows?

Also Peter's name for this story is Petros, which is Greek. Not sure it it's ancient Greek but fuck it it's the closest thing I could find. As for the now female Kratos in this story, whelp we're sticking with the name Kratos because I have no idea if there's even a feminine version of the name so it's staying. Now because Kratos is a woman in this story, her history will be different from her male counterpart's though largely the same in other regards. She at one point had a family, pledged herself to Ares, became his servant, killed in his name, eventually tricked into killing her family and you know what happens next only this Kratos dressed proactively and had... boobies!

Also I know the game gave us a rough ballpark of Freya's banishment thing being some hundred years prior to the start of the game but let's push it back to 150, not long after the World Serpent appeared and the Giants were butchered by Gorr- I mean Thor and Mimir's imprisonment not long after that.

Disclaimer: I don't own any Marvel or God of War characters seen, mentioned or used.

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Petros was never a very important God in the grand scheme of things.

True he held a rather respectable sphere as the God of Spiders and often crated unrivaled silk threads for the likes of Athena to use in her weaving, and had helped Hephaestus on a few projects, but for the most part, Petros was a rather... average Olympian. Not that he minded, in fact he actually preferred it. That wasn't to say Petros shunned responsibility, it was just he never saw a reason to go above and beyond for others sake.

After all, what could he, a lowly god, accomplish?

So when people, mortals, humans to be specific, did happen to cross his path and requested something from him, be it a blessing of some sort of advice, Petros would point them in the direction of Gods that could be of use. Petros wouldn't call it laziness per say, more of he didn't see himself qualified for the task asked of him, that

and he didn't see much of a reward in helping random mortals with problems they could either solve themselves or find a God that was willing to take their time in helping them, like Athena.

And for a time, Petros was content, and his life was reasonably good because of it. Most days when he wasn't supplying Athena with silk, he was roaming the mansions of Olympus, often trying to find some of the supposed secrets that Hephaestus and some of the Cyclopes had left in the city's construction and expansion over the centuries.

Then Ares, the God of War and a constant tormentor for Petros and many other Olympians, was slain and his title and station was taken and gifted to the Ghost of Sparta, Kratos. Petros, like most of the other Olympians, was in absolute shock at not only the original God of War's death, but his slayer was granted the status of Godhood and given her former master's station, something practically unheard of since the days of the Titans. And not long afterwards, it became quickly apparent that while Ares was a bloodthirsty dog that reveled in conflict, his successor Kratos was like a rabid wolf, lashing out at everything and everyone with blind wrathful abandon. If Petros was a lesser God, he would've made a joke about it but the woman's sheer brutality and rage quieted his words.

As time went on Petros, and others went before Zeus many times, asking the King of the Gods reign the newcomer in, but their pleas either went unheard, or Kratos defied Zeus's commands. Either way, the new Goddess of War grew so out of control that Zeus himself stepped in and stripped the Goddess of most of her power and station before seemingly killing her with the Blade of Olympus itself.

And Petros, like many other of his fellow Gods thought that would be the end of things...

*'Shows what we know... should've cut her damn head off'* Petros thought with a wince as a ball of fire flew over the Olympian's head and slammed into a tower above him, igniting the pillar of marble and gold on fire and causing a few bits of the stone to fall down around him.

Petros, like many other Gods taking part in this battle, was adorned in Godly forged bronze armor created by Hephaestus himself before

his banishment to Hades. It covered the Spider God from head to toe in a dark blue, almost black plates with a pearl white colored spider web pattern on the armor's full face helmet, upper and front torso, forearms, shins and feet. The eye holes were covered by a similar substance though it was transparent enough for Petros to see out of and lessen the harsh light of the fires raging before him.

"Thing feels tighter than I remember..." Petros said to himself as he reached up and adjusted the metal shoulder pauldron as best he could.

He felt... constricted wearing such heavy armor, but he wasn't bold enough to run around half nude like some of his fellow Gods were in this battle. He'd like to end this day without missing a limb or two if he could help it, thanks.

Several hours ago, the peace and tranquility of Mount Olympus had been finally broken when Kratos had seemingly returned from the realm of Hades with a small army of Titans after her supposed death at Rhodes at the hands of Zeus himself. Said king of the Gods quickly rallied the rest of the Gods to the defense of their kingdom and within the first hour of the battle, The Olympians had killed several of the immortal invaders, and Zeus himself drove both Gaia and Kratos back to the mortal city of Olympia below but at the cost of Poseidon and tens of thousands of Olympic Sentries, Centaurs, Satyrs and numerous automatons created by Hephaestus.

Now the Siege of Olympus was turning to a battle for attrition against the Titans, turning their own limited numbers and little knowledge of Olympus's layout against them. Not that it seemed to matter to the gigantic beings, their power more than made up for their limited number, as they tore through the city of Olympia.

*'Speaking of war...'* Petros thought as he turned to Heracles, Olympus's champion and chosen commander for the siege and another one of Zeus's many sons turned God "Heracles!"

The Son of Zeus, his head covered in a custom sized helmet and his Nemean Cestus gauntlets hanging from his belt, paused in his discussion with several centaur generals and turned towards the God of Spiders with a look of annoyance and anger "What is it

insect?"

"Where's Athena?" Petros asked with a frown as he risked a glance at some of the Titans that were rampaging throughout Olympia and the lower levels of Olympus above from the initial battle between the two immortal races "No offense, but your 'talents' would probably be better used down there than up here strategizing"

Heracles scowled at Petros' words but he could find no fault in his logic. With a heavy sigh, he gestured for the Centaurs to disperse "Athena was slain not long before the siege began. She died saving Zeus from the bitch that now attacks us"

Petros's eyes widened at this "Athena's dead?!"

Well, that would explain why no ones' seen her since this whole mess started. With her in command of Olympus's forces, the Titans wouldn't have gotten nearly as far as they had. Though Petros was surprised that Kratos had actually killed her sister given how close the two seemed, or at the very least Kratos didn't hate Athena as much as she did the rest of Olympus.

"Yes" Heracles nodded with something close to sadness before he noticed a Satyr rushing towards him with an urgent expression on his face.

Without even bothering to give his leave, Heracles turned and strode towards the warrior, leaving Petros alone on the ledge and watch as Helios pelted the Titan army, or what was left of it, with blasts of sun fire from his flying Sun Chariot. With the way half the mountain was on fire, and the death of one of the Three God Kings, maybe even two if the rumors Petros has heard were true in regards to hades' current state, along with several others, it looked like the end of the world to the God of Spiders.

"I knew Zeus shouldn't have allowed Kratos to take Ares' place" Petros growled in anger and annoyance as he began to pace the ledge "Fucking knew it!"

To this day Petros still couldn't understand Zeus' reasoning, sure he's heard the rumors that Kratos was his daughter but that still

shouldn't have guaranteed her to take Ares's spot after his death. The King of the Gods could have easily rolled the position into Athena's sphere since she was already a Goddess of War. A much more level headed and restrained Goddess at that.

Suddenly another tremor rocked the city and Petros saw Helios's chariot shot down and plummet towards the buildings below. The God of Spiders couldn't tell if it was one of the Titans or even Kratos herself that took the God of the Sun down. Sparing a brief glance back at Heracles to see the God was still occupied issuing orders to the Satyrs, Petros leaped off the ledge he was on and shot a golden colored web line from his wrist and used it to swing towards the incapacitated Sun God. If Petros thought walking and running around in heavy bronze armor was touch, trying to swing in it was even harder, the shoulder pauldrons really limited his arms' reach and flexibility, forcing him to rely more on quick web ziplines to reach his destination.

"Don't be late, don't be late, don't be late, don't be la- oh come on!" Petros groaned as suddenly the sun above seemed to fade and was quickly replaced by dark foreboding clouds.

It seemed that Helios was now dead, which meant Kratos had gotten to him... or a Titan... or both Kratos and a Titan. Or maybe even Apollo, the little twat, the twin brother of Artemis has made mentions that he wanted to take Helios's place as God of the sun lately.

"Of course the little twerp shows up now after all this time and only to help himself" Petros said to himself with an eye roll as he landed on he remains of a small building, half of it's roof was caved in while a fire raged within.

Petros looked around for signs of the fallen Sun God, and his killer, before he was greeted to a sight that would haunt him for years to come. It was Kratos... and in her hands, the severed head of Helios, his eyes and mouth still glowing with the power of the sun and blood leaking from the shredded remains of his neck.

"By the severed parts of Ouranos..." Petros whispered with growing dread and terror.



The former God of War seemed unaware of Petros's presence, and casually strapped the severed head of Helios to her red and gold colored loincloth's belt. She scanned her surroundings, causing Petros to quickly seek cover behind a knocked over pillar and attempt to steady his erratic heartbeat.

Petros knew he wasn't a fighter, he was no great warrior or bearer of great magical power, or carried some great and all powerful tool or weapon. at the end of the day he was just a typical run of the mill Olympian that came about as a result of a drunken tryst between his mother Arachne and Hephaestus following the latter's discovery of Aphrodite's unfaithfulness to him with Ares of all beings. True he took more after his mother in that he gained powers that made him akin to a spider, creating webs, shapeshifting into a spider and climbing on walls and most other surfaces, and a degree of slightly greater than average strength that a typical Olympian possessed, but his powers weren't exactly special since half the Pantheon could do similar things if they so desired.

So facing off against a bloodthirsty woman with several decades of combat experience compared to his literal none on top of having the power to kill Gods as powerful as Poseidon and Helios wasn't exactly his smartest move... like at all.

*'Curse my loyalty to Zeus and Olympus'* Petros thought as he peeked his head out from his cover and watched Kratos slowly turn to leave, likely to head farther up the city and eventually the mountain to confront Zeus when several Sentries appeared to challenge her and avenge Helios's death.

With a cry full of the promise of pain and rage, Kratos charged towards the Sentries with her blades, so similar to the ones that she used when under Ares's thrall but clearly not. Petros watched from his hiding spot as the mortal turned God practically slaughter the undead warriors with a ruthlessness that beguiled her seemingly exotic and contradictory appearance.

The Spartan woman had a notable savage and primal beauty about her that no one could deny, Petros would even admit it was close to par with Aphrodite's own sensual beauty. Her pale white skin, the result of the ashes of her family being magically affixed to her body,

her bright red body tattoo, shoulder blade length black hair, shaved on the left side where her tattoo was, and a lean athletic body drew the eyes of many men and women. The fact she clad herself in revealing leathers that were reminiscent of the attire of Spartan Warriors didn't hurt either.

The only thing that did mar her appearance, in Petros's opinion, was the fact she was always scowling and snarling at people. And when she spoke to others, her voice which could've lulled a demon to sleep with its soft gentleness was always spewing venomous insults and barbs at others.

*'Would it have killed the bitch to be polite even once?'* Petros thought as he watched Kratos cut down a dozen Sentries with a single slash of her Blades, leaving a wake of flames as the enchanted metal passed through the body of each Sentry and reduced them to either smoldering piles of ash or chunks of burning meat and armor.

Once the Sentries were dealt with, in a rather brutal and terrifying fashion Petros might add, the God of War suddenly turned straight towards Petros and met his eyes with her own.

*'Shit...'* Petros thought with growing terror as the red tattooed beauty stared him down before she began to rapidly approach his hiding spot.

Seeing he was discovered, Petros quickly turned and shot a web out to swing away with before the line was suddenly cut by one of Kratos's accursed blades. The God's eyes watched with horror as his webbing quickly burned away and before Petros could shoot another out, he suddenly turned and found himself face to face with the current scourge of Olympus.

"Petros..." the murderous woman said with something... not quite a snarl but not quite pleasant either.

"Kratos..." Petros said as he felt his heartbeat skyrocket from being in the woman's presence, and it wasn't because of her viscous beauty.

"Where is Zeus you little bug?" Kratos demanded with a glare, the fires around the two lightly reflecting off the golden armlet Kratos had on.

"Probably on Olympus still" Petros said as he made a show of cupping his chin in deep thought "Either in the company of Hera, poor bastard, or some young pretty thing that's caught his attention... poor whoever that is"

The former God of War rolled her eyes at this and made to brush past the God of Spiders when Petros held out an arm, causing her to stop and slowly turn towards him with a snarl.

"If you wish for an audience with Zeus, I'm afraid you can't see him so heavily armed" Petros said as he struggled to keep his voice calm, hoping that the deadly beauty would not hear the very real terror he felt now.

He isn't quite sure what compelled him to hold his arm out and block the former God of War, perhaps the terror he felt from her had momentarily subsided and he was filled with a boost of misplaced courage. Or perhaps he was more afraid of what Zeus will do to him once he hears that Petros allowed Kratos to pass unchallenged.

Either way, he was likely fucked.

"Move little bug... or you will be joining your fellow Gods in death" Kratos hissed as her grip on one of her blades' handles tightened "My quarrel is with Zeus, not you!"

Petros hummed at this "I could, I could... but only if you ask nic-"

The God's words were caught off as he stepped back before Kratos's blade found it's mark in his chest cavity. Before he could even respond to the attempted stabbing, he was forced to duck under another slash from the rage filled woman before leaping back as she used the mystical properties of her deadly blades to reach out with their chains and attempt to gut him when he moved beyond the reach of her arms. Luckily it seemed that Kratos underestimated how fast Petros could move, even in full armor, and a part of him hoped that she was still tired from her fight back up to this point.

*'Who am I kidding, she's apparently died twice and still kept kicking. She's probably just toying with me...'* Petros thought with dismay as he did his best to weave his way around, past and over Kratos's blades, using his webs and natural agility to keep ahead of the dangerous weapons.

Eventually Petros grew too restless with just evading and decided to try and catch the former God of War by surprise by going on the offensive. Ducking under a wide slash from Kratos's blades, Petros shot two web lines towards the red tattooed woman and watched as the lines landed on her torso. Kratos looked down in confusion only for a moment before her eyes widened in realization before Petros pulled himself forward and sent a armored fist right into the woman's face, using his momentum, weight and own raw strength to knock the woman to the ground. A normal human's head would've been absolutely pulverized by Petros's blow, but to someone as powerful and as durable as Kratos, it was a painful sting at worst.

With a yell, Kratos jumped back to her feet and quickly seized Petros before he could pull away, her grip began to crush the armor around his wrists as the dark haired woman brought the God of Spiders into a viscous headbutt. The force of the blow dented the crown of Petros's helmet and caused the metal to dig into his head a little before Kratos shoved the God back and sent her foot into his armored torso.

**KOOOOOM!**

Petros felt the air knocked out of him as he was sent flying before he felt twin stabs of pain in his chest that violently stopped his momentum before yanking him back towards a enraged Kratos. It didn't take a Oracle to see that Kratos decided to somewhat copy Petros's move only to replace his webs with the blades of Chaos, or Athena or whatever the hell the name of the woman's weapons were.

*'She goes through more Blades than Zeus does women'* Petros thought dimly as he felt himself being twirled around by Kratos's blades before the hold on his torso gave, along with a few bits of flesh and blood and was sent flying across the courtyard and into a wall.

**KOOOOM!**

Dust went up everywhere and quickly mixed with some of the smoke from the raging fires around the two, creating a nauseating cloud that left Petros coughing and struggling to breath, not that the two gaping blade holes in his chest helped.

"This... went... much b-better... in... my head..." Petros groaned in pain as he tried to pick himself up off the ground before he felt Kratos's foot slam into his back, knocking the wind out of him again and very nearly shattering his spine.

With an enraged yell, Kratos reached down and grabbed Petros by the nape of his neck and his thigh and and lifted him up over her head before slamming him back into the ground. The force of the impact cracked the stone and sent Petros into further pain before he was violently kicked in the side and sent flying across to the other side of the courtyard. Petros wasn't certain what he hit but it caused him to come to a sudden and painful halt. It could've been a column, part of a building that was demolished by the Titans, or even something as simple as a wall. Either way it was solid enough to withstand Petros's body slamming into it and allowed the wounded god to slump to the ground.

*'Really starting to regret passing up those self defense lessons Athena was offering...'* Petros thought with a pained whimper as he tried to climb back to his feet only for his arms to give out and allow him to fall face first into a pile of stone.

Than again, Petros doubted that learning any sort of actual fighting would've helped, he was facing a woman that's taken on the likes Ares, Poseidon, Athena and killed them all. The fact he's even lasted this long was more than likely Kratos didn't see him as a genuine threat to go all out against, or perhaps she liked to play with her opponents first.

"You should've fled little insect" Kratos growled in anger and a hint of grim amusement in her tone as she approached Petros, holding something in her hands that seemed to radiate power.

"Y-Y-Yo-oo... a-a-nd... m-meee... b-b-both" Petros coughed as he

propped himself up by his elbows and looked up to see what it was the former God of War was holding...

The Blade of Olympus.

*'Of fuck me-'* Petros thought before Kratos suddenly lifted the blade up and stabbed it down into Petros's body with a yell, causing he God of Spiders to let loose a agonized scream that could've been heard for miles if half of Olympus wasn't seemingly screaming in pain itself.

Petros wasn't sure how long he screamed for, all he knew was that his screams were cut off by the sudden influx of blood up his throat and out his mouth, dripping from beneath his helmet and on to his body. With a grunt, Kratos lifted the blade up, Petros's body still impaled on it and lifted him into the sky before turning and throwing him off her sword.

The God of Spiders didn't even bother to make a sound as he skipped across the ground until he came to a sickening stop by a ledge that also doubled as part of the edge of the city. Raising his head slightly, Petros glanced down at the Earth below and saw that it was plagued by massive flooding, fires and what looked to be hundreds of thousands of wailing spirits running amok.

"Out of all the Gods I've killed little Bug, you were the easiest" Kratos said in a tone that wasn't smug but more of bitter disappointment, as if fighting him was a insult if anything else.

"F-F-Fuck... y-you... Ares's w-whore-" Petros began before Kratos gave a savage yell and kicked the smaller deity over the edge of Olympus itself.

Never let it be said that Petros couldn't get the last word in.

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And done.

Next chapter, Falling... falling... falling... painful landing.



# Strange lands

answers to reviewers questions or statements:

**Triton0501**: I have an arc for her, though it will be a bit different given that since Kratos is a woman, and thus had a different upbringing compared to her male counterpart given she's a woman in Spartan society with different expectations thrust upon her. And because of that, her interactions with Atreus will be different compared to what we saw in the game. May not seem it, but I have put a bit of thought into this decision.

**Jason Chandler** : Yes Atreus will appear later on.

**Jestalnaker94000** : Yes this Kratos is as powerful as her counterpart, though she's a bit more vindictive and viscous in comparison. Petros won't be so much afraid as pissed off at the sight of her.

**badiullahmeri10** : If they don't like the story than they don't have to read it, no one is forcing them to.

**Guest** : We'll see glimpses of what kind of God Petros was, he wasn't great but he wasn't horrible either. He was just there, in the background.

**Nomad98** : Petros won't be Atreus's father, though he will have a impact on the boy when we get to those events. By GOW 4 Kratos has mostly calmed down, but it wont exactly be a 'love at first sight' kind of deal. Petros and Mimir? How about Petros, Mimir, Brok and Sindri all together in the same room?

**Guest** : Well there's still room for more women, it's just given that this game will largely take place in the Nordic era of God of War, and it's notably absent 'topless women' and Goddesses, the harem is for the time being rather limited.

**Kryn Womble** : Petros will get a weapon of his own later in the story, around the time the events of GOW 4 begin.



**War Sage:** It's been implied that other Gods had survived the events of GOW III, like Aphrodite though it's very possible she died when Gaia fell upon Olympus, Demeter, Hestia, Artemis, Apollo and Dionysus. Actually there's a comic that seems to be telling of how Kratos made it to Midgard with him currently being in Egypt where he's already encountering their gods. And in the Chains of Olympus game, it briefly showed a entity from Persian mythology when facing the Persian King.

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Falling from Mount Olympus was always unsettling, in Petros's opinion.

Realistically, the mountain itself wasn't very high in the literal physical sense, but metaphysically speaking, it was tens of thousands of feet high and depending on if you were mortal or not, could take days to reach the bottom. Petros had only ever fallen from it's height once, he was helping Hephaestus test a new set of armor being made for Poseidon, and the fall was... unnerving. It only took Petros thirty seconds to reach the bottom of the mountain, and leave a great big hole in the ground when he struck it but not it felt as if Petros was falling for an eternity.

All of the sounds, smells and sight of Mount Olympus under siege faded and blurred away until Petros had no choice but to close his eyes. His entire torso hurt like hell, and it felt as if his very body was being burned to a crisp only to just as quickly heal. Than it became cold, unbearably cold, far colder than the very depths of the sea and Petros didn't feel so much as falling as... well he couldn't quite describe the feeling he felt, weightlessness didn't sound right, but it didn't sound wrong either.

He briefly risked opening his eyes to see what it was that was happening and instead of finding himself falling down into the chaos that was Greece he was... well he had no idea where 'here' was. He still felt the sensation of falling even though it wasn't falling, that odd sensation of being pulled towards some unknown force, but he

couldn't see anything around him, everything was... void, for the lack of a better term.

Than just as suddenly as he found himself in some sort of barren void, Petros found himself falling through a thick blanket of clouds that felt like snow with how cold they were and than down towards a coastline he didn't recognize, the air, like the clouds, colder than anywhere in Greece.

*'Oh this is gonna hurt'* Petros thought with a groan before he closed his eyes and prepared to meet the rocky terrain.

"ÞHFT ÍT THM TFØM ØP-"

*'Did the ground just talk-'* Petros thought before he felt himself slam into something that felt like not solid ground, but an actual living being...

Who was now probably dead, dying or pissed at him for landing on them.

Regardless of whoever they were, they did little to stem Petros's momentum and both ended up tumbling down a hill that seemed to be made up of every damned jagged rock on Earth before coming to a stop in some sort of dark colored sand that felt more like rocks than actual sand. With a pained hiss, Petros tried to move but found his body screaming in pain and refusing to budge more than a inch if that, leaving him lying there on his back, staring up at a blue sky with a few wisps of dark clouds overhead. The Grecian could also hear the sounds of crashing waves, sea bird calls and the unmistakable smell of salt water.

Not exactly a tropical paradise... but better than the hell Kratos had the intention of kicking him into.

[illegible]

It also seemed that whoever Petros had hit in his decent sounded alright... pissed but alright... and female.

*'Oh joy... another pissed off woman'* Petros thought with a sigh as he laid there, helpless to do anything as he saw out of the corner of

his vision a figure standing back up, brushing sand off themselves and still cursing up a storm in their native language that would've left the likes of Ares cringing in dread.

The woman continued on for another moment or so before she stopped and slowly approached Petros, stopping just beyond his field of vision and said something in her unknown language. Petros could only assume it was a demand of some sort asking who the hell he was, why he was here and why he used them as a cushion.

"Just... give me a second..." Petros groaned as he did his best to focus all of his body's remaining energy on healing his wounds.

The large gaping gash in his torso on top of said wound throbbing in pain was now being irritated by the sand in it and the metal from his armor was digging into several areas around his body, mainly where he slammed into the rocks on his way down. A part of him wondered if this was how flies felt whenever they were caught in a spider's web, weak, defenseless, helpless...

If so... he found a newfound respect for the spiders he held dominion over, for being just enough to end the flies suffering.

*' That can't be right but I can't find it in me to give a good damn'*  
Petros thought before he realized the woman he used as a cushion was now crouched over him, looking into his helmeted face with a mixture of uncertainty, concern and annoyance all wonderfully wrapped into a odd expression on her face.

This woman, she was unbelievably attractive, far beyond that of any mortal Petros has ever met and even quite a few Immortals. Dark hair that reached her shoulders and had several beads weaved into it's braids. Her clothing from what he could see seemed to be a dress of some sort made of animal skins, fashioned much differently than that of the various hordes of barbarians that have tried to invade Greece in the past. Her arms, carrying the same type of muscle tone as Athena had, were covered with faded tattoos, written in a language that Petros has never seen before while the hilt of a sword was visible over her shoulder, hinting at a warrior's prowess.

Or she just happens to carry swords around as some sort of fashion

sense.

"Uh, hello?" Petros said after a few seconds had passed of the two staring at one another.

The woman blinked at this, and looked at Petros with curiosity as well as confusion before saying a few words in her language.

*'Great, she can't understand me, and I doubt I'll be able to understand her anytime soon' Petros thought with a mental sigh 'Oh this is juts gonna be fantastic'*

"ԻՆՉ ԲՐՈ ԱՃՈ?" the woman said, her voice surprisingly gentle, caring in a way, like a mother or even a close lover. It was the kind of voice that Petros could listen to for days and never tire of hearing it.

When Petros didn't immediately reply to the woman, she spoke again, this time in a much slower tone, as if the Olympian might understand her if she spoke slowly "ԻՆՈՒՐՈՒ ՈՒՄ ԴՃՆ 'ՋՅՈՒ ՄՐՃՄ'?"

When Petros replied to the woman's question, at least he thought it sounded like a question, with a clueless shrug, the woman bit her lip in thought. The spider god's eyes couldn't help but flicker to the woman's lips and for a very brief moment, he wondered what they tasted like, what they would feel like, either against his own lips, or on his c-

With a violent shake of his head, Petros tried to keep his mind focused on more important matters, like trying to figure out where in the name of Tartarus he was. It was very obvious he was far from the Greece and the Mediterranean, perhaps farther than Thrace, beyond the northern shores of the Black Sea even. How he got here was another question he needed answering, far as Petros knew, he was supposed to be dead given he took a fucking giant sword to the chest made to kill Gods and Titans before Kratos kicked him off of Mount Olympus and into the chaos below.

*'Somehow I doubt this is the afterlife for Gods'* Petros thought before he waved his hand towards the woman and began to slowly push himself up until he was propped on his elbows and facing the

direction of the sea.

Unsurprisingly didn't recognize it, the waters were far darker and far colder looking than the Mediterranean or Aegean seas. He glanced to his left and saw that the beach stretched on for quite a few kilometers until it came to a halt at a massive wall of ice that stretched out into the water for a few hundred feet. With a hum, Petros glanced to his right and saw that the beach stretched on for twice as long until reaching the base of a sheer cliff that overlooked the sea.

*'Well... at least I landed somewhere pleasant, scenery wise'* Petros thought as he pushed himself up into a sitting position with a pained groan as the last of his wounds began to close.

"ἜΡΜ ΝΑΝ ἈΥΓΝ?" the woman asked, having back away slightly to give Petros some room to slowly climb back to his feet.

"You have a nice place here, is it yours?" Petros asked as he brushed some sand off his legs and arms before reaching up to readjust some of the straps of his armor "Or are you from the sea? Sky maybe? Or do you not have a place to call yours? You just kinda wander around?"

The goddess made no reply as Petros continued to look around, aside from the distant glacier, cliffs and rocky hill he fell down earlier, there wasn't much else to take in aside from the sea itself.

And it was cold, so very cold.

"Shit, I feel like I've stepped into a bucket of ice" Petros groaned as he felt himself shiver as a strong breeze blew by.

The unknown Goddess showed no signs of being bothered by the cold, causing Petros to scowl slightly at her in exasperation.

"Could you pretend to be a little cold?" Petros said as he gestured to her attire and pointed towards the nearby ice "Seeing you dressed in so little and being unbothered by all this cold is making me feel self-conscious"

Especially since the metal of his armor was starting to chill.

"በጽቡር ጳጴጥ..." The Goddess said when she noticed that Petros was beginning to shiver a little and held up her hands "ሄድ ትገኝ ፅን የሆነሃል፣ ከላይ ያለው ጉዳት እና በመጨረሻም ሁሉም ጉዳት አስተማማኝ መሆኑን አያሳይም።"

Petros cut the woman off by reaching out and lightly gripping the woman's wrist and gave her a guarded expression. Even though he couldn't understand a lick of what this woman was saying, he could sense the magic she was beginning to gather about herself. It felt strange, and very alien, but there was no mistaken the tell-tell feeling of mystical energy in the air.

"Uh, can you please refrain from any magic until I know for a fact what your saying and what your doing?" Petros asked in as gentle tone as possible whilst ignoring the guarded glare on the Goddess's face "Sorry, but I'm not exactly at my best right now and I just got out of a rather once sided fight with a crazed bitch. Rather into get into another. N-Not that your a bitch or anything, it's just well... I... I'm just gonna stop"

With that, Petros released the woman's hand and took a few steps back and let out a tired sigh.

"ጵኑ ካሞጵተሽ ገዢህንህ፣ ለጵን ልቱ ሆሞሞሃሃ" the Goddess said with a scowl of annoyance.

"Thank you?" Petros said with puzzlement as he stared at the woman for a moment before he reached up and pinched the ridge of his nose "Kratos, I really, really, really hope your dead. Okay, it's fine. I can figure this out... I just need to..."

Petros looked around for a stick or something sharp enough that he could use it to draw in the ground. While it was clear that language was going to be a rather difficult hurdle for the two to overcome, if it could be that is, at the very least they could use pictures to communicate. Petros just hoped to Chaos that the Goddess didn't take his drawings the wrong way, it'd be just his luck in trying to explain to the woman via picture that he was a God that he unintentionally declared war upon her or something.

After stumbling around for a few seconds, Petros found a small rock with a sharp edge and immediately began to cut a image of little

people into the damp sand. The goddess watched him with confusion, probably wondering why the hell he was drawing in the sand like a child, before Petros drew a larger image of a person over the smaller people. He made sure to show the smaller ones either bowing or kneeling and holding their arms up as if in prayer before he pointed towards himself.

"Me" Petros explained to the woman in a slow voice before he pointed to the image of the larger human "This is me. I am a God..."

Petros waited a moment to see if the Goddess understood him and was relieved to see her nod as she pointed towards the image than himself. With a nod, Petros then drew another image, this time two circles a fair distance from one another before drawing a small image of a woman in one circle than the image of himself in the other. Once that was done, Petros pointed towards the woman than the image of the woman in the circle.

"This, is you" Petros said before he pointed towards the circle with one hand and gestured to their surroundings with the other "This circle, your land. Your land!"

Again the goddess seemed to somewhat understand what he was implying and nodded, or she had no idea what he was doing and was just nodding to imply she did. Petros then pointed to himself and then to the circle with the man in it.

"Me, my land. My land is far from here" Petros made a gesture of their being a great distance between the two, which again caused the unknown goddess to nod though her eyes spoke volumes of her actual thoughts.

She had no idea what he was trying to explain to her.

"You have no idea what I'm even saying... do you?" Petros said with a sigh of defeat.

...

So far, today had not been going as Freya envisioned it to be.

The former Vanir and one time Queen Asgard had left the sanctuary

of her woods in search of a rare plant that she required for a potion she needed replenishment of. Unfortunately the plant she needed was a rare flower that grew along the Southern coasts of Midgard, miles from her home and away from the protection of her home's protective barriers and magics. Knowing she did not have long until Odin's many accursed Ravens spotted her outside of her protective sanctuary, Freya quickly departed for the Southern coasts to gather the plants she needed before the sun had even rose in the sky.

Once she had reached the coast, she quickly located and gathered what she needed and prepared to return home when something unexpected happen... a strangely dressed God appeared out of nowhere and crashed into her, sending both of them tumbling down a rocky hill until they both landed on the dark sandy beach below. For a brief moment, Freya thought it was one of Odin's servants, come to either harm her or do worse, but once she regained her bearings, and put a few meters between herself and the stranger, she quickly saw that he wasn't a Aesir... or even a Vanir.

He was a God, there was no mistaking that, but he was clad in a strange set of armor that was unlike any design she's ever seen within the Nine Realms. And when he spoke, it was a language that she's never heard before, further identifying distant roots beyond Midgard. He made a series of gestures to himself and the land around them before he eventually ended up finding a stone and begin to make a series of drawings and gestured himself, and herself, to the drawings and the land around them. She thought she understood what he was implying, that he was a God that was worshipped and from a land far from here, but again his foreign tongue made it difficult to fully understand.

*' For all I know, he is saying that he's come to make this land his and he wants me to be his queen'* Freya thought as she stared at the unknown God for a moment *'And with how fate loves to torment me so, this entire encounter is his people's way of some sort of proposal'*

Still, it did do her long broken pride and vanity a bit of some good to see that she was still desired.

"Δεν έχεις ιδέα τι λέω, έτσι;" the strangely dressed God said with a



dejected sigh.

Freya had no idea what he said, or even asked for that matter. For all she knew he was asking to help him sacrifice a hundred mortals for a laugh. The deity quirked his head at Freya for a moment before he tossed the rock he had in his hands over his shoulder and fell to the ground with a frustrated groan. It would've been almost funny if she wasn't still a bit angry at his crashing into her-

"My flowers!" Freya suddenly said, her eyes widen in realization.

The strange God watched as she quickly ran towards the small basket she was holding earlier and looked to see if her plants had been destroyed or not. Thankfully, they were undamaged apart from a few torn petals here and there.

Μάζεues λουλούδια;" the unknown God said with an inquisitive tone before he eyed Freya up and down "Είσαι κάποιο είδος θεότητας συγκομιδής;"

"I-..." Freya snapped with annoyance before she stopped and took a deep calming breath "I'm sorry, but I can't understand what you are saying to me. At all"

The God quirked his head at her for a moment and seemed to stare into her very being with an unknown expression from under his damaged helm before he spoke again.

"Δεν θα τα χρησιμοποιήσεις για να με αποπλανήσεις, έτσι; Είμαι κολακευμένος και τα σχετικά, πραγματικά, αλλά μου αρέσει να καταλαβαίνω τον πιθανό συνεργάτη μου πρώτα πριν συνουσιαστούμε" he said

Freya stared at the God for a moment before she reached up and pinched the ridge of her nose "Why in all the Nine Realms did it have to be me?"

She considered leaving the strange being here and returning to her home, but the thought of leaving a God that was clearly lost and had no idea where he was, let alone even understood what was being said to him, didn't sit right with her. It seemed cruel, and the God ran

the risk of attracting the attention of Odin and his accursed spies. If and when her former husband realized this man was a God, a God he has no control or knowledge of, he'll very likely try to have him killed out of fear he's some sort of vanguard to invasion, or to try and pluck every bit of knowledge that's in his head for his own use.

*'And I'll be damned if I let that monster corrupt and pervert the magic and knowledge of another Pantheon just because he feels he can'*

Freya thought before she approach the God and held her hand out for him to take "If your willing to accept my aide, I can try and help you return home. Wherever that lies"

The armored God stared at Freya's hand for a moment before slowly reaching out to take and shake it. With a nod, Freya released her grip on the other God's hand and turned to pick up her basket.

"Come, we must go before Odin's, the God King of this realm, notices your presence. Believe me, he will not be your friend in your endeavor" Freya said, even though she knew the God wouldn't be able to understand her.

At the very least, she hoped he's notice the sense of urgency in her tone and follow without too much commotion.

"Κοίτα, αν μπορούσες να μου δείξεις την κατεύθυνση οποιωνδήποτε Θεών που θα μπορούσαν να με βοηθήσουν, θα-" the strange God began to follow after Freya before he suddenly stopped and the former God Queen sensed an odd feeling come over him.

It was as if a part off him had suddenly been snuffed out, lessening his very being.

Before she could comprehend what she felt, the strange God suddenly fell to his knees and would've fallen face first into the ground had Freya not caught him and gently help his body to the ground at a more merciful pace.

"What's happening to you...?" Freya said with confusion evident on her face and in her tone as she tried to see what it was that could've done this.

It didn't feel like he lost his domain, a rather grim and unfortunate horror she's seen many times during the days the Aesir and Vanir, when the war had reached it's apex of slaughter and tragedy. But there was something different about the God, something missing for the lack of a better term. She carefully casted a small spell to search through the God's very being to see if she could uncover the possible ailment, whether it was some sort of curse he's had casted upon himself or something worse...

*'The only possible explanation would- no... it couldn't be'* Freya thought as she narrowed her eyes as her spell delved deep into the God's being before finding something... or rather, not finding something.

The base of the God's very being, the seat of his and his Pantheon's power, was gone!

*'And not just gone, but destroyed'* Freya thought with a troubled frown as she ended the spell and leaned back from the deity and studied him with a puzzled look.

His wounds and damaged armor now made much more sense, he, and likely many of his other fellow Gods, were in some sort of terrible battle or war. Likely within the heart of their Pantheon's seat of power, and it appears that they just lost. She's heard of such things happening once before, long before the Vanir and Aesir split, when they once shared a realm and stood as a single Pantheon. Under the tyrannical rule of Borr, the Gods had waged open war against all Realms before being defeated by a army consisting of Jötnar, Light and Dark Elves, Dwarves and the Svartálfar. The destruction of the Gods stronghold led to the 'lessening' of a number of Gods and Goddesses power and the eventual split between the Aesir and Vanir.

Perhaps a similar event was or rather had unfolded in the lands of this strange little God.

*'Though there's no way of knowing until I we can find a way to understand one another'* Freya thought with a frown.

She had considered using her Seiðr magic to try and read the God's

mind, to delve into his memories, but such a thing was far more perilous than one would assume. Reading the minds of mortals and animals was one thing, but another God? Attempting such a breach, even for one as powerful and as skilled as Freya could lead to disastrous consequences, she'd run the risk of destroying both her mind and this strange God's, a fate she was far from eager to experience.

"To think all I thought I'd be doing today is gathering herbs and plants" Freya said with a shake of her head as she looked up towards the sky and the tops of nearby trees for any of Odin's accursed Ravens.

She had no doubt that he'll soon be aware of her absence from her home, and while she liked to believe he won't attempt anything out of fear of retaliation from the Vanir 'when' they finally learn of her situation, she wasn't going to hold her breath. In the end, fear drove her former love to lengths that she never thought any being would be willing to go to, be it for power or knowledge.

"I really hope your not a seeker of knowledge" Freya said as she stared down at the passed out God "I don't think I can stand to be around anymore in my lifetime"

To her complete and utter lack of surprise, the God stayed silent.

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And done.

Next chapter, Cultural exchanges and cultural misunderstandings... also magical Boars and giant Turtle houses.

# Wonderful dreams and cold caverns

answers to reviewers questions or statements:

**JestalNaker94000** : Let's say that Freya may end up regretting teaching Petros her language. We shall see, it's still gonna be a bit until Kratos reappears.

**Jason Chandler** : It'll be a while until Petros encounters any Aesir Gods. As for Brok and Sindri's reaction to the Blade of Olympus, eh I'm pretty sure Brok would state he could do better and Sindri would be trying to refrain from vomiting once learning where the blade has been since Kratos acquired it.

**DarkDevilKnight** : I don't think Freya knows where Mimir is imprisoned, or that he was ever imprisoned to begin with.

**itsyaboi2525** : Petros despite being a sort of 'third generation' God, being the son of a son of Zeus and or Hera, or both, members of the original Six Olympians, he's still fairly powerful in his own right. It's just up until the battle for Olympus, he's never been in a real fight before. But I would say he could overpower the likes of either Modi or Magni one on one.

**Soda-fiedPsycho**: Yeah, it's tall, do you want a cookie for noticing?

**Seamravel19** : Well that's because he's a God that up until that point has never actually fought anyone where's Kratos at that point already has killed a number of powerful Gods.

**Guest** : Petros, to Atreus, will be that cool older brother slash uncle slash step dad kinda figure to him. He'll add a bit of positive influence to the boy as well, but their interactions at first will be limited because of Kratos's distrust and hatred of Gods.

**Guest** : Well it is, sooo... bye Felicia.

**xGhostSniperx** : Well he won't be going toe to toe with Thor or Odin, but he'll be 'more powerful' than he was at Olympus.

**badiullahmeri10** : No, mostly because far as I know, there's only one issue out and it deals with Kratos wandering the Sahara.

**Guest** : He's not weaker from Olympus's destruction per say, he's just 'less' for the lack of a better term. Like what made him a Olympian is gone, he's still a God, it's just now he'd be difficult for another God that is familiar with the Greeks to recognize him. Like the main seats of power for Gods, Asgard, Olympus, sorta cue other Gods in on where others are from if that makes any sense.

**Mr Holocene** : No Petros is still a God, it's just that since Olympus is now gone, he's not a Olympian anymore, if that makes sense. He's a God and his power hasn't been affected by it's loss too much, but he isn't technically an Olympian, more of a sort of rogue God now, like Kratos. Petros can already do those sort of things, he just never got a real chance to use them in his fight with Kratos, but we'll be seeing them soon.

**Kalvernus** : A number of these women wouldn't work too well because Kratos had either killed them or had killed a lover/spouse/sibling of theirs during her war against Zeus and Olympus.

**Chaosrealm** : God of War versions.

Disclaimer: I don't own any Marvel or God of War characters seen, mentioned or used.

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*The Gods of Olympus generally didn't need much of an excuse to throw a massive party and or banquet.*

*Be it for the birth of a new God or Goddess, some epic victory against a powerful foe or just because things were boring and unexciting on Olympus, a party wasn't usually far behind. Tonight's festivities were being held in honor of Kratos, who had just slain Ares and been bestowed the title of God of War and godhood itself by Zeus. Just about everyone had been invited, be they minor God, one of the Twelve, various Demi-gods from just about any God that can fuck and become impregnated by another, Satyrs, Centaurs, a couple of Cyclopes and even the few Titans that aligned themselves*

*with the Gods during the Titanomachy.*

*And the party wasn't just resigned to the halls of Zeus's palace, the event was being celebrated in every temple, mansion and public square on Olympus. Wine, brewed from Dionysus flowed like raging rivers from numerous fountains designed by Hephaestus, while all manner of food gathered by the likes of Artemis on her hunts was cooked and served. Even Hades had found it within himself to journey to the home of his extended family and somewhat partake in the celebrations, though everyone gave the still mourning God a wide berth.*

*Petros, after creating various tapestries to commemorate the celebration and have Hermes hang them throughout the city, had retreated to a lone klinē at the far end of the massive room and settled on to the cushions and pillows adorning it and watched the festivities. The God of Spiders wasn't what one would call... sociable, partly because of his preference to seclusion though mostly because of who his father and mother were. Add the fact his parents were a lame, crippled God so hideous that Aphrodite herself couldn't find it in her to love, and a woman that dared to challenge Athena and mock the Gods and was turned into a spider because of it weren't exactly doing him any favors either.*

*'Speaking of which, I need to see if Hephaestus has finished repairing my shuttle' Petros thought with a hum as he watched a few minor Gods, the only one of note being Poseidon's son Triton, try and fail to impress a couple of scantily clad Nymphs with some sort of water manipulation with their wine.*

*With a shake of his head Petros adjusted his position on the klinē and was about to let himself dose off for a nap when he noticed someone approaching. The God of Spiders sat upright and watched the newcomer, a auburn haired Goddess, send him a grin that was almost flirtatious. She was clad in a short knee length white and grey colored chiton like dress that shown as if made of solid moonlight and displayed images of various deer, bear, rabbit and other creatures that have been hunted by this woman. Her auburn hair was done up in a elaborate bun with pearls gleaming from the lighting of various torches around the great chamber and the occasional display of magic by one of the present gods.*

*"Artemis..." Petros nodded to the Goddess of the Hunt and made to get up before the Goddess seamlessly slid on to the klinē and gently lowered Petros down until his head rested on one exposed thigh while the other, along with her leg, rested over his stomach.*

*"Hello Petros..." Artemis cooed at the God of Spiders with a coy grin.*

*"To what do I owe this unexpected honor?" Petros asked with a curious look on his face.*

*While he wasn't exactly against receiving such treatments from a Goddess as beautiful as Artemis, he knew without looking that her actions were drawing quite a bit of attention. Something the Goddess of the Hunt made clear she wished to avoid whenever possible when she broke her celibacy with the Spider God only ten years ago. To this day Petros still couldn't quite explain how he managed to do it, or even why Artemis chose him to begin with, quite a few other Gods of higher standing and beauty lusted for he Goddess, a fact she was well aware of.*

*Maybe it had to do with the death of the Furies; with them gone, there was no one to punish those that broke a blood oath, such as the one Artemis swore to Zeus centuries ago when she made her vow of Chasity. A bit extreme, to invoke a blood oath for something like that, but never let it be said that Artemis did things by half measures.*

*"Am I not allowed to display affection to you?" Artemis asked with a giggle, her breath laced with wine.*

*'Ah, liquid courage' Petros thought with a snort as he adjusted his head against Artemis's thigh and continued to stare up at the auburn beauty "You can"*

*"Good" Artemis said with a nod as she leaned down to plant a small kiss on Petros's forehead "It took me quite a bit of time to find you. I only just realized that you'd likely be at one of the smaller celebrations"*

*"I like the quiet" Petros answered with a shrug "Plus, this was the*



*only party where the present Gods didn't give me snide looks or make a crack about Hephaestus or my mother"*

*"Who have been?" Artemis asked with a frown, anger slowly bubbling in her eyes.*

*"No one I can't deal with" Petros said with a snicker.*

*"Was it one of my siblings again?" Artemis asked with a scowl of annoyance "Which ones? Hermes? Apollo? Dionysus?"*

*"None I'm afraid" Petros smirked as he lifted a hand and pointed to a more secluded corner of the party.*

*Artemis followed Petros's finger and saw sitting in a shadowed corner, away from the other Gods, Demi-gods and nymphs, was the very being this entire celebration was being thrown... Kratos, the newly crowned God of War.*

*"Her?" Artemis said with surprise as she took in the Spartan's appearance.*

*She had forgone the leathers that she normally wore for a blood red chiton, the chains of her accursed Blades of Chaos plainly visible on her arms. Her hair was much the same as always though it looked a little more shiny compared to the usual dull shade of black, hinting that the brute of a woman had used high quality oils for a change in her bathing. In her hands, which were bare of any jewelry like rings or bracelets, was a single ruby encrusted gold goblet of some kind of dark wine.*

*"What'd she say to you?" Artemis said with a growl as she glared at Kratos, causing the ash white skinned woman's back to tense before her head slowly turned and met the glare of the Goddess of the Hunt.*

*"That I was a pointless God with no real value expect to take up space" Petros said with a laugh "Ironical thing to say considering she used to be expected to be nothing more than a glorified breeding mare for 'Young, Strong, Spartan Warriors'"*

*"Perhaps the newly appointed God should be given a introduction*

*into manners" Artemis said as she made to stand up before Petros gestured for her to stop.*

*"I'd rather you didn't. She's already claimed the life of one member of the Twelve, rather not make it two" Petros explained.*

*"You think I cannot beat her?" Artemis said with a raised brow "I'm no mere maiden, or rather former maiden if we're being technical, Petros. I am the Goddess of the Hunt, I track and kill monsters and all manner of beasts. She would be no different"*

*"Agree to disagree" Petros said with a yawn as he readjusted himself on Artemis's lap "And while we're on the subject of you hunting and killing monsters, you mind telling your precious hunters to stop killing my spiders over in Fasis? They help me make the various silks that we use for garments"*

*"I will speak to them" Artemis said with a nod.*

*"Good, I'd hate to have to have them dealt with in my own fashion" Petros said with a frown "Trust me, it wouldn't be pretty"*

*"So I've seen, but I ask hat you let me handle it" Artemis said with a hint of warning in her voice.*

*"You have a week. And I want the Huntress that first suggested hunting my spiders to be fed to them" Petros explained.*

*"That's needlessly cruel Petros" Artemis said with a glare.*

*"So's killing my spiders for no other reason than because their bored" Petros fired back with a growl.*

*Granted Petros could always replace the spiders already killed, with how many children they can have in a single clutch it wouldn't be difficult, but he didn't want it to seem that attacking his animals would go unpunished. Besides, it took decades for his spiders to reach the appropriate size for them to produce enough raw silk from him to utilize. And he sure as hell wasn't gonna produce the eight hundred and thirty eight tons of silk himself, it'd take days.*

*"Tell me my love, do you think it was a good idea to make her the*

*new God of War?" Artemis said as she nodded towards the brooding form of Kratos.*

*"What does it matter if I think it was a good idea or not?" Petros said with a sigh as Artemis ran her fingers through his hair with one hand while the other reached down to rest on his chest and trace small circles into his breast with the tip of her nails "What's done is done"*

*"Do you think a vote should've been held?" Artemis inquired with curiosity "Not just among the Twelve, but amongst the rest as well?"*

*"Wouldn't have mind to give my own opinion on the matter" Petros said with a thoughtful look on his face "After all, how many mortals have been granted Godhood?"*

*"Not many, though I happened to notice that they were all children of Zeus" Artemis said as she glanced at Kratos briefly and took in the woman's form, trying to see if she could perhaps any sort of familiarity in her body "Though I suppose it no longer matters"*

*"Your just saying that because now there's another woman on the Council of Olympus" Petros scoffed before he winced as Artemis pulled lightly on his hair "You know I'm right, don't deny it"*

*"I will not deny it's a bit pleasant to know that things are now equal, gender wise, amongst the twelve" Artemis said with a faint grin "And I will no longer have to deal with Ares looks, a bonus I shall cherish"*

*"What looks?" Petros said with a frown as he glanced up at the Goddess of the Hunt.*

*"The looks of dark desire" Artemis made a face at the memory of Ares's perverted looks thrown her way whenever they saw one another along with the comments he'd make "I do believe he was intending to rape me in an effort to produce him a strong son"*

*"He wouldn't dare" Petros said with wide eyes "Your one of Zeus's dau-"*

*"Your implying that would dissuade him" Artemis remarked with a blank look on her face "Athena he will not touched because she's father's favorite. Hera is his mother, Demeter his aunt and the one*

*being on the council that could destroy everything he values, namely war, by killing off those that partake in it simply by killing all plants like she did when her own daughter was taken by my uncle, Hades. Aphrodite whores herself to the bastard enough that he can take her whenever he wishes. I alone was the only one who bedding would incur no severe repercussions he couldn't handle"*

*"What about your brother Apollo?" Petros said with a frown "He's a twerp, but I doubt he'd sit idly by and let Ares rape you"*

*"You really think that Apollo could defeat Ares?" Artemis said with a dry look.*

*While the God of Light was powerful, having slain the great serpent dragon Python, Artemis and Petros both knew that he was no warrior, not like Ares was. True the younger god could put up a valiant fight against the God of War, but Ares would quickly tear his younger half brother apart with his bare hands without even a shred of hesitation or remorse, than possibly rape Artemis with her twin's blood still on his hands, just as a final insult.*

*"I'm sure he'd get some help from someone. Helios maybe, they seem pretty chummy with one another" Petros said.*

*"They are" Artemis said with a nod as she took a deep breath and gestured for Petros to sit up so she could move.*

*"Leaving already?" Petros joked as he sat up and watched as the auburn Goddess stood.*

*"No, I just wanted to move so I could do this. Consider it the beginning of my apology to you in regards to my Hunters' actions" Artemis said before she suddenly had Petros turn to face her before she fell to her knees and began to push the lower part of the chiton he was wearing up.*

*The Goddess quickly exposed his semi erect cock and began to pump it with one hand while the other reached down and began to gently massage his balls. Petros couldn't help the shudder that went through him as Artemis manipulated his cock with her hands before leaning forward and taking the tip into her mouth.*

*"By the Gods..." Petros closed his eyes in delight as Artemis hummed as she took her beloved Spider's cock deeper into her mouth while her hand reached up to unclasp her chiton like dress and allowed it to fall and pool around her waist-*

*"Ἰἶπμι Νῆ ἰἶπ..."*

...

"Ugh, why'd I have to be woken up right when it was getting good!" Petros moaned as he slowly opened his eyes to see the ceiling of some sort of cavern.

With a pained hiss, Petros slowly pushed himself up into a sitting position and looked around the darkened environment. Not too far away from him was a river of dark almost black colored water that left the God shivering at he thought of taking a dip in it. The cave he was in was damp, smelled of the sea and cold, not as cold as the beach he was on, but not much better either. Off to the side he could see an odd wooden contraption that he assumed was some sort of lift, with small baskets and crates lying next to it, and a towards the water laid a small dock with a small wooden boat with a worn paddle laid across it's seats.

*"Χῶρον, ἰἶπμι ἰἶπμι"*

Petros turned to see the mysterious Goddess from before sitting not too far away from him, faint grin on her face. She was dressed much the same as before, though the God of Spiders noticed that the sword she had was now drawn and laid beside her, ready to be brought up if the need arose.

"W-Where... where am I?" Petros said as he made to stand before he noticed something odd, the ground a few feet around his body was covered in odd glowing shapes, likely letters, symbols and words of this lands language.

He could feel the mystical power within them, and though he had no idea as to what they meant or said, Petros had a feeling that it would be best if he refrained from trying to either touch or cross them.

The Goddess noticed Petros's gaze drift towards the glowing symbols and smirked slightly as she nodded to them "ፎገጸጠ፡ጠጰ፡ ካጥዎጢ... ዎጸሪ ስጸቢ, ቶቱ ዎጸሪ ጸብካጠዎ"

"I'm gonna assume that these aren't here for my personal wellbeing" Petros exclaimed as he reached up to rub his eyes before something occurred to him... he was naked!

With a yelp, Petros curled in on himself as he tried to cover his modesty as best he could. While some of Petros's fellow Olympians didn't particularly mind being so overtly exposed, he was never quite comfortable showing any sort of excess skin. Especially before a mysterious Goddess in her dark, damp cave in a far away land.

"Umm, where's my clothing? Clothes. CLOTHES" Petros said as he turned towards the amused Goddess and gestured to himself with one hand while the other covered his wee web shooter, though given the dream he just had, calking it wee at the moment would be incorrect.

The Goddess's smirk grew as her eyes briefly flickered to what his hand was trying to cover before she lifted a leg and rested her bare foot on the top of Petros's helm, lying on top of his neatly folded tunic, arm guards and grieves while the chest piece laid beside them.

"ጥጵ ህጠ ስጵ፡ጠካ፣ ለዘዎ ጠፋፎጠ፡ጠጠጠ ጠዘካ ጥጵ ህጠ ስጸቢሪ ካዋላ. ለ ሪጠፎገጠጠ ህጠ፣ ለ ጵብጠ፣ ህጠ ስጸቢ፣፣ ፡ጠጠጠ ፡፡ጠጠ፣ ጠፋፎጠጥካ ዎጸሪ ጠጠ ሪጠካ፡. ስጸቢ ፡፡፡ ጸጠ፣ ለ ህ፡፡፡ ጵ፡፡፡ ለ ህጠጠጠጠ ስጸቢ ጸጠ፡፡ ጸጠ ፡ጵ ስፋጠ፡" the Goddess said as she gestured towards Petros and his armor.

"Can I have it back please?" Petros said with a sigh of exasperation "Much as I love waking up naked in a dark remote cave with a beautiful Goddess, I'm afraid that I'm not that kind of God. I mean I can sometimes be that, but I'm not exactly in the mood for some weird romantic entanglement with you"

The Goddess quirked her head to the side with amusement as she continued to stare at Petros, her eyes occasionally flickering towards his covered dick. If Petros was feeling a bit exposed and

uncomfortable now, it had skyrocketed to new levels as he tired to fight down the urge to fidget under the immortal woman's gaze.

"በጽበ ካሙህ ባባላት ትጠየቅህ፡ ትጽገ በካሙ ገጽ ጸጠላ ካሙት ት ካብህ ት ካጥፋለህ?" she said.

"I'll take blanket!" Petros groaned as he kept turning away from the Goddess every time she tried to glance a peek of his anatomy "Also stop trying to look!"

Petros wasn't exactly self conscious about his size, he wasn't vain like some of the Gods he knew that were, but having a deity as attractive as this woman trying to see it left him feeling a tad bit embarrassed. True Artemis never judged it, mainly because it was the only dick she ever had as far as he knew, but when someone like Aphrodite makes a sly comment about it being 'underwhelming', it tends to do things to a man or God's pride.

"Why couldn't I land in a land where the Gods there are as uptight and as prudish as Athena?" Petros bemoaned as he turned away even more from the Goddess "Look woman, if you keep looking, I'll... well I might do something about it!"

Petros wasn't sure what he'd do, it could be the Goddess actually was interested in sex, but he wasn't at the moment. For one, his surroundings was a bit of a mood killer, and second... well he doesn't even know what this woman is saying, let alone her name. Some of his fellow Gods may be okay with just sticking it in and humping until completion, but Petros would at least like to have a name before doing the deed.

...

So far this God was proving to be quite amusing in Freya's opinion.

He seemed oddly skittish and shy about his body, particularly his sex whenever Freya attempted to peek a glance at it. Not that she hadn't seen it when she was removing the God's armor and clothing underneath and tended to some of his wounds. She wasn't sure what he was embarrassed about, it looked perfectly fine to her, he had a few finger's widths in length and girth compared to her former

husband that was for sure.

With a shake of her head, Freya stood up, making a point to leave her sword where it was, and began to circle the mystical stave she created around the God and analyzed the runes inscribed on the floor. For the most part they told her of his health, whether he was cursed or not, possessed any innate mystical skill, and most importantly, his state of mind. From what she read and understood, the God was mentally sound, not some blood frenzied lunatic like her former stepsons were, minus poor sweet Týr of course. Her runes also didn't detect any serious negative emotions within him aside from an unusual dose of fear though she supposed it was understandable, ending up in a remote land so far from all he knew.

*'At least he seems... friendly'* Freya thought with a sigh of relief as she made to remove the stave when she saw the God was scowling at her with annoyance. She quirked a brow at the God and waited to see if he'd elaborate, or at the very least gesture, what was bothering him before she saw that he was pointing towards his armor and the odd light tunics he wore underneath the heavy metal plating.

"Ah, you want to be dressed again. I suppose you can" Freya said with a thoughtful look on her face as she studied the God before her.

Without his armor on, he looked much less threatening for the lack of a better term. She was a bit surprised he wasn't unnervingly handsome like most Gods she's met were, hinting at either a mixed lineage of mortal and immortal or perhaps one of his parents was unsightly themselves. He also lacked the raw muscular bulk many Aesir Gods sported, instead his build looked more akin to that of the Vanir, slim, agile. She doubted he'd be much of a threat to her when she still possessed her wings and warrior spirit, but thanks to Odin's curses, she might as well be a blind lamp before a hungry bear.

"I sure hope I know what I'm doing" Freya said as she waved a hand over the runes and caused their glow to dim before she stepped up and backed away as the mysterious foreign God scrambled to his feet and quickly made his way over to his clothes.

Freya watched with amusement as the God rushed to pull the light



thin tunics he wore underneath on first before working his way to attaching the heavy metal plating. She wouldn't deny she was a bit disappointed that he didn't immediately try to make a grab for her first, even if it would have been unwanted. After several decades without being touched by another in any manner that wasn't violent, the former God Queen was feeling a bit... touch starved, for the lack of a better term.

Imagination and mystical constructs created in the likeness of former lovers could only get her so far.

...

Once Petros was fully clad in his somewhat repaired and cleaned armor, he turned his attention towards the Goddess and watched as she made her way towards him and retrieved her sword. Once it was sheathed on her back, she gestured for Petros to follow him towards a opening in the cavern's walls where a ray of light shined down. Petros thought it was some sort of exit to the outside before he stepped through the space and realized he was only half right.

It was a way out of the cave they were in... but only if one can climb.

"So you want me to climb to-" Petros began before the Goddess suddenly began to rise up the well, thanks to a assortment of odd magical roots emerging from the ground.

The God of Spiders watched with bewilderment as the vines carried his host up towards the sunlight until she was close enough to hop off and on to the ground. She glanced back down and gestured for him to follow her up with an inviting grin. With a shake of his head, Petros sighed and approached the wall before he placed one hand on it and than raised himself higher and struck another hand to the uneven stones and earth that made up the well's walls. Thankfully the walls weren't too wet and stable, allowing the God to quickly scuttle towards the surface, not all to different from a spider. Part of the way up he noticed a few odd glowing symbols, radiating with some sort of mystical power.

*'Something tells me this isn't a reminder to clean her clothes, but what do I know? Hephaestus used to write down reminders of things*

*he needed to do on his pillow before he went to sleep* ' Petros thought as he leaned in towards the odd symbols for a moment before shrugging and continuing his climb towards the patiently waiting Goddess.

"Thanks for the help by the way" Petros said as he reached the top and climbed out of the well, brushing some mud and bits of moss off himself as he went "I just love climbing up dank wells"

The Goddess made some sort of comment followed by a snort and a shake of her head before she gestured for the God to follow her down a well traveled path.

The air, Petros noticed, was much warmer than it was in either the cave or the beach where they first met. It was still chillier than anywhere in Greece, but it was a vast improvement in the God's opinion. The leaves of the trees he noticed, were a warm red, like an early morning sunrise or sunset, and flowed elegantly in the gentle breeze. There was also an number of odd looking critters and animals running about, squirrels that seemed to have odd designs inscribed into their fur that glowed yellow, large white furred Deer with glowing antlers, and dozens of swallows that seemed to have feathers made of just about every color there is in the rainbow on their wings.

"Hmm, wonder if they can carry a pomegranate..." Petros muttered as he remembered an odd argument he once had with Hermes-

Petros came to a sudden stop, causing the Goddess in front of him to pause as well and look at him with surprise and a bit of concern.

"ΠΗΓΗ ΠΡΟΤΕΡΗ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΔΕΝ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΗΝΕΤΗ?" she asked as she made to step forward before deciding against it and maintain her distance.

Hermes... Hephaestus... Zeus... Hera... Demeter... Artemis and Apollo, he couldn't sense any of them anymore. While he was only ever distantly related to most of them, he could still feel them, even if he didn't know where in Gaia's name they were. He couldn't even feel that odd unexplainable sense of warmth that Olympus provided, no matter how far Petros traveled from it.

Instead all he felt was... nothing.

"That bitch... she... she..." Petros muttered in a low, horrified voice, his eyes wide with horror underneath his helm as the reality of what this meant came crashing down on him.

Kratos had done it... she killed Zeus and destroyed Olympus.

To think that a ungrateful animal made God was able to do what the Titans and the Giants of Gaia could never do, destroy the Gods, it was practically unfathomable. True most of the gods barring a few had allowed themselves to become slack and a bit lazy, Petros will not deny he was one of those, but their sheer raw power should've been more than a match for some little upstart, even one as powerful as Kratos.

*'What in the name of Chaos went wrong? How could we have lost?'* Petros thought with despair before he felt a hand on his shoulder and he looked to see it was the Goddess.

She asked him something, concern evident in her voice and on her face.

"It's-... I uh... it's nothing" Petros said with a shake of his head as he reached up and removed the Goddess's hand, being mindful not to accidentally crush it in his haste.

Besides, what could this strange Goddess in a far away land offer him anyway? Unless she could turn back time, and give Petros a really fucking big sword or axe to cleave Kratos in two, there wasn't much that could be done. Oh he could probably eventually find his way back to Greece, or what's left of it by this point, but what would be the point? Even before he ended up in this strange land, a good portion of the Pantheon, or at least the important members of it, were dead. And now with Zeus dead, along with Hera, there'd be no one to lead them given that neither the God King or Queen had declared an heir in the event of the impossible.

And if some of this children did survive, they'd be fighting over what scarps that the Ares's whore had left in her crusade against the Gods.

"Holy fucking... fuck, fuck, fuck. So fucked!" Petros said as he reached up to cradle his head as he stepped away from the goddess in attempt to try and clear his mind of all the possible outcomes that will unfold.

The Goddess said something towards him, what it was he wasn't sure, nor did he really care. He just needed to think and the giant turtle rising out of the ground ahead of him wasn't hel-

"What in the actual fuck?!" Petros said with surprise as he stared at the large turtle as it shook some of the earth from it's body and made a deep, bone shaking, hum as it glanced around.

The turtle had to be without a doubt the most bizarre animal he's ever seen in his life, and given he's a God that's seen all manner of monsters in his time, that was saying something. It was easily fifty feet high, though it's legs didn't seem to be fully extended upwards, and the large red leaved tree on it's back made the turtle seem even larger. Underneath the turtle's body, Petros could make out what looked to be some sort of home, likely the Goddess's behind him.

"You live underneath a giant turtle with a tree growing out of it's shell" Petros said as he stared up at the large creature with a raised brow before he shrugged "Okay, sure. That makes sense. Wouldn't be a proper witch of the woods if you didn't live in some weird half animal thing. I just hope you didn't make this thing by transforming it from a person"

To this day Petros still couldn't stand the sight of Circe.

The Goddess, unaware of what Petros said, gestured to the large tortoise with a smile "ጸጵተ ህጻ ስገረጸጸጸ, ስጠካ የጠረጠ የጠጠጠ ስጦ ት ህሰሰ. ስነ ትጠጠ ስነ ስገረጸጸ"

Petros glanced at the woman with a confused look on his face before he nodded "I'm just gonna nod and make it seem like I understand you even though I don't. But I think I heard a name in there"

Suddenly a loud squealing like sound emanated from behind the two Gods and they both turned to see a Boar rushing towards them. The

hog had to be without a doubt the oddest pig he's ever seen, and he once ate the Erymanthian boar.

"What in Hades name are you looking at you ugly little pig" Petros said with a frown aimed at the boar.

The Boar huffed at the Spider God's tone and gave the immortal a look that seemed to scream 'You, you worthless looking deity'. Petros growled at the hog before the Goddess quickly approached the two with a fond smile aimed at the Boar.

"ጥህዝባ ስለፀናዋል፤ ስምክንያትም ይመስለኛል" The Goddess said as she kneeled down and ran a hand across the strange looking Boar's head in a loving manner "የተፈጸመው ስርዓት ተፈጻሚነት አለው፤ ስለዚህም ስለፀናዋል፤ ስምክንያትም ይመስለኛል"

Petros blinked at the Boar for a moment before he glanced towards the Goddess while pointing a finger towards the snorting hog as it's mistress lavished it with attention.

"I'm killing and eating him before I leave this land"

...

And done.

Next chapter, Teaching... learning... embarrassment...

# Overcoming language barriers

answers to reviewers questions or statements:

**darthwolf** : He can turn into a spider, control them, turn into a swarm of them, generally powers he'd have when he had the Other with him along with a few added ones given his status as a God.

**Sonic2610** : It happened, it was a memory, happier times.

**Jason Chandler** : Petros is just calling her that as an insult, he doesn't care if it's true or not, he just hates her and her late master.

**pandawok301** : Petros was the kind of God who stayed away from humans as much as he could. He didn't particularly like them and wanted nothing to do with them.

**Spider-Menace76** : No.

**Soda-fiedPsycho** : I know that's probably difficult for a supposed 'Flamer' to comprehend, but I figured after three chapters you'd be hung up on something else instead of something that was already explained in the very first chapter.

**Guest** : Yeah.

**Fire** : Yeah, why?

**Guest** : A Troll or Ogre Petros can handle within reason, it's just he's never actually taken part in any actual fighting. As he is now, Magni or Modi would ragdoll him despite his near similar level of power. Thor might be beyond Petros's level by the time he encounters Kratos again. Even Mimir has stated he wasn't sure if Kratos would be able to win if he and Thor ever clashed, and that's saying something considering what Kratos has accomplished. Freya wasn't so much as impressed as she was curious as to why he was so self conscious of himself. The Norse Gods of Love, which Freya is, seem to care less for naked appeal like Aphrodite would given they prefer combat over just about anything else. No your about

right, Petros and Hephaestus's relationship was cordial enough but that was about it. The two to keep out of one another's way, only ever interacting when Petros needed him to fix something he couldn't or learning how to fix things himself so he doesn't have to bother the crippled deity. It was kind of a depressing relationship between the two.

**superpierce** : Kratos didn't kill every God and Goddess, but a fair number of them.

**pyrojack25** : Just look her up via God of War on YouTube, explains plenty about her. But basically she's like a combination of Hera, Aphrodite, Hecate and Athena in that she's the Nordic Goddess of love, lust, battle and magic and was once the lover of her brother Freyr and ruled the Vanir until the war between them and the Aesir ended and she married Odin before said marriage fell apart. Not exactly how it went down in the actual myths, but in GOW's lore it is.

**Guest** : We'll see what Kratos's life was like before she became the God of War once we get closer to the events of the fourth game.

Disclaimer: I don't own any Marvel or God of War characters seen, mentioned or used.

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The weeks following Petros's sudden arrival into this strange land were some of the most stress inducing weeks of his life.

After he established a rather comfortable home in the branches of the turtle tree's tree, much to the visible displeasure of the Goddess, The God of Spiders went about looking for a way to properly communicate with the Witch outside of gestures, drawings and hope that she had an idea of what he was implying.

Safe to say, it was going... well it was going. Neither had gotten too upset at trying to pronounce one another's names and fly into a fit of rage and start taking their anger out on things. Least the Goddess didn't as far as he could tell while Petros would simply slink away and brood for a few hours before returning to try again.

"You know, you never really consider how long it takes someone to learn a whole new language from another when both parties have no idea what the other is saying and thus can't use any specific words to compare them to" Petros said as he sat before the Goddess, something that started with an 'F' he believed until he before giving up.

They were outside for this little session of trying to say one another's names, next to the gentle flowing waters of the river, using a pair of wooden chairs that the Goddess had. The sky was clear apart from a few clouds that helped create breathtaking views of the nearby mountains and the warm air almost allowed Petros to believe he was simply in northern Greece rather than who knows how far north of it. The leathers and furs that Freya had also helped him make to wear instead of his damaged armor or thin tunics were a godsend, pun intended.

The boar that the Goddess had all but made clear was off limits for Petros to eat was busy trotting through the water a few meters away, oblivious to the literal cultural milestone that Petros and it's mistress were attempting to achieve through these sessions of theirs.

*'I hope a crocodile eats him'* Petros thought as he spared a glance at the odd looking Boar as Freya tried to pronounce his name for the tenth time in the past hour *'If they even have them up here. Maybe a lion, or a bear. I'll even take a wolf or a snake shooting an arrow at him at this point-'*

Petros's line of thinking was cut off by the Goddess tapping his knee, causing him to look at her and see she was looking at him with a somewhat annoyed expression. It seemed she noticed his gaze wasn't on her and felt insulted. Aphrodite was similar in that if she wasn't the center of attention in any room, she tended to throw fits until she got some sort of attention. It was times like that when Petros was glad his love life was managed by the likes of Eros, at least he was far more mature and didn't create love between people only for it to fail epically or only be rooted in lust.

It was then that Petros felt the Witch Goddess's foot lightly kick his shin, causing him to blink and see she was still looking at him with



an annoyed look on her face.

"Your definitely a Goddess of Love" Petros remarked dryly as he moved his leg away slightly to make it harder for the woman to kick him again "Can't stand having someone not looking at you when your in their presence"

"ÞNFT?" she said with visible confusion before Petros sighed and leaned forward a little and repeated his name, very slowly.

"Petros... Petros..." he said as he rested his elbows on his knees and twiddled with his thumbs "Come on, PETROS. Pet-ros"

"P-P-Pet-... P-Petr-P-Petrossss..." Freya said with a wince, trying to wrap her mind and tongue around the odd pronunciation.

"YES!" Petros shouted with his hands in the air, causing the Goddess to look at him with confusion which in turn caused him to give the immortal an embarrassed grin "Sorry, just got a little excited there"

Freya quirked her head to the side as she stared at the God with an unreadable expression before humming and giving a slight nod before she pointed towards herself "ÞRMNÞ. MN þfMM lđ ÞRMNÞ, Petrossss..."

"Fr-Fre-... Frrra- no that's not it" Petros shook his head as he tried to remember how the Goddess sounded her name "Freee-... Frey-Freya? Freya!"

"Freya" the Goddess said with a pleased smile on her face as she pointed to herself "Freya..."

She than pointed towards Petros and grinned.

"Petros..."

"Amazing" Petros said as he clapped his hands together in joy before the moment was ruined by Freya's boar running over and squealing in delight at Freya.

The Goddess smiled lovingly at the pig and began to rub his head

and chin while muttering quite words to it. Petros stared at the beast with an annoyed expression before he saw Freya was gesturing to the boar.

"Hilfðilíf!" she said with a nod towards the boar "Hilfðilíf!"

"His name?" Petros said with confusion before he glanced at the boar and saw the pig was looking at him with a smug look on his tusked face "I'm about to turn you into a stew if you keep looking at me like that you little mother fu-"

"Hilfðilíf!" Freya repeated as she stated at Petros with an expectant look.

The God of Spiders took a deep breath before he regarded the boar and began to try and pronounce the name Freya had given it.

"Hilfff... Hilff- no that's not- no wait, I think it was" Petros said with a look of struggle as he tried to mentally pronounce the word in his head before speaking "Hildis-víniii?"

"Hildisvíni" Freya nodded in excitement before she signaled for the boar to look at her before pointing towards Petros and muttered his name several times towards the boar.

Hildisvíni quirked his head at this before he glanced at Petros and made a squeal like growl and promptly turned and ran back towards the river. Freya giggled at the boar's actions while Petros could help but feel a bit insulted by the thing.

"Stupid pig" Petros muttered bitterly at the boar.

He's never really liked boars, even though they were a sacred animal to Artemis. Though given how things ended between the two Immortals, he supposed his hate for the pigs was a bit biased.

He then saw Freya stand up and waved for him to follow her towards her house. Petros blinked at the gesture and looked at her with a surprised look on his face before he pointed towards himself, then her, then towards her home. Freya nodded with a small grin as she held her hand out for him to take and said something in her language that he didn't quite catch.

'Well... this is escalating' Petros thought as he took Freya's hand and allowed her to help him to his feet before following after her.

He'd be lying if he said he didn't notice the fertile beauty that was Freya. She easily rivaled Aphrodite if not surpassed her in certain ways, making her seem all the more appealing to the Spider God. Where's Aphrodite was the sort of woman you'd have a good fuck with, Freya seemed the kind of Goddess you'd want to spend the rest of your forever with, and promised pleasures that couldn't be rivaled by some one night stand or occasional tryst.

It was a wonder why she was unwedded, though perhaps that played into why she was all the way out here, away from her fellow Gods. Maybe she grew tired of the constant proposals, or perhaps something happened and she wanted nothing to do with them anymore.

"I really hope that I don't come to regret this..." Petros groaned as he followed after the Goddess, his gaze flickering between the sway of her hips and rear to the lithe muscles of her arms and legs, to her long braided hair and the various beads and feathers she's decorated it with.

She came to a stop and gave him a warm smile over her shoulder that made her far to attractive in Petros's eyes before she turned and said something to summon the turtle she lived under to the surface. Seeing how eager she was in get into her home, Petros decided to take this opportunity to begin removing most of the furs and leathers he's taken to wearing. He made sure to keep the thin layers covering his waist and legs on, and was just removing his shirt when Freya began to say something as she turned around only to stop when she saw that he was already half naked before her and was just beginning to undo the ties that held his pants up when he noticed she was looking at him with wide eyes.

"PETROS!" she yelled in surprise as she took a involuntary step back in surprise.

"Uh, Freya?" Petros said with confusion before she saw the scowl of annoyance she was giving him "What?"

"Þ-ÞHFT FRM ÐXÐN MÐIÐX? ÞHÐ MIM ÐXÐN XMÞ ÐTMRMÝM?" she gestured wildly towards his half bare form.

"But... I thought..." Petros motioned towards himself, than Freya than the house turtle who had finally rose out from the ground and was busy looking at the two Gods with a expression that seemed... bewildered.

Clearly this wasn't what he was expecting to see when he was summoned to the surface.

Petros stared at the confused Goddess for a moment before he made a few gestures of grabbing Freya's hips and made a thrusting motion, which in turn caused the Goddess to gape at him before she violently shook her head and pointed towards the turtle and began to repeat what he assumed was it's name.

"TÐ! I ÞFTMM ÐXÐN TÐ TRÐ FþM ÝFN 'HFÐRFI'Ý TFM! I ÞFTT BRITXIÐX ÐX ÐPMR HMRRM TÐ-TÐ-TÐ ÞÐ'Þ!" she yelled.

"Ohhhh, you didn't want to..." Petros said with a slow nod as he began to understand what Freya's intentions are, or well were.

She wasn't bringing him to her home to fuck, she simply wanted him to try and pronounce the name of the turtle she lived under... who was still looking at the two Gods with confusion.

Awkward didn't even begin to cover the tension between the two for the next several weeks.

...

After the awkward debacle that would forever be known to the two gods as the 'Incident', life in the former Vanir Queen's sanctuary was... much the same before the God's arrival really.

Freya would wake up in the morning, bathe in one of the woods many natural springs, magically altered to be a hot spring thanks to her magic, dress than eat before going off into the woods to monitor her various wards and protective staves set up to bar any unwelcomed Aesir. Than she'd make sure Hildisvíni was okay and hadn't lost any more of himself and tend to her garden once she was

sure the boar was alright. Petros for the most part kept to himself in his little 'tree house' and barring emerging to take part in their 'language lessons', hardly ever ventured far from the clearing of her home unless it was to find her.

The only real notable event to unfold between the two since the 'Incident' was when Petros accidentally passed a small spring she was using to bathe in. Again, Freya was both grateful and annoyed that the God hadn't attempted anything outside of a few seconds of awkward staring before quickly departing to another part of the woods.

*'By the Norns, I sound like a hormonal girl trying to gain the attention of a boy'* Freya thought with a shake of her head as she tended to a few plants in her garden, mainly flowers that aided her in her potion making.

She could hear Hildisvíni nearby forging with a few other wild boars that have made Freya's woods their home and the earth gently rumbled under the snores of a sleeping Chaurli. Petros, last Freya checked, was still up in his tree house, which was in reality a bunch of boards and branches webbed tougher to make something akin to a home. She's offered to use her magic to help improve his 'home', but Petros vehemently refused, stating he liked it the way it was. Though given the brief descriptions he's given her of his former home, Olympus, Freya couldn't help but wonder if it was pride that was keeping him from accepting help.

"Gods and their pride..." Freya said with a sigh as she contemplated taking a small break before reaching for a small shovel to help dig up a few roots she'll need for a salve she had in mind when she noticed something out of the corner of her eye.

Freya frowned and turned to see a bird sitting on a nearby boulder, looking at her. It was a raven, though it looked unlike any raven she's ever seen before. It was a little larger than your typical raven, and that was before she even got to the part about it being semi-see through and made of some sort of green energy. Add the fact it was watching her far too intently for a typical bird, it was safe for Freya to assume that this entity was one of her former husband's little 'spies'.

Freya's eyes narrowed as she stared at the 'bird'.

"Hmm, stepped up from possessing regular Ravens for artificial constructs" Freya muttered as she studied the 'raven' for a moment before sensing that it wasn't alive.

With a flick of her wrist, she took control of a few vines and roots that were wrapped around the boulder and had them lash out at attack the raven. The 'bird' squawked in surprise before it was torn to shreds by the vines, it's body making a noise that sounded like glass being shattered as it was destroyed. She hoped that Odin's pain receptors were connecting to the damned thing, a nice little 'love tap', courtesy from her.

"Not a bird fan?"

Freya flinched and turned to see Petros was standing only a few feet away, his gaze on the boulder the raven was. His eyes flickered to Freya before he nodded at where the now destroyed raven was and repeated his question.

"No like bird?" Petros said, his words simple and carrying a heavy accent still.

"It's not a bird. Not a normal one" Freya revealed with a sigh as she sat down and ran the back of her hand across her forehead to wipe away some of the sweat and dirt that's gathered there from her gardening "Spies, created by my former husband"

Petros made a sound at this and turned back to where the 'raven' was and quirked his head a little to the side, an odd expression on his face "Magic birds?"

"Something like that, yes" Freya nodded as she let out a brief exhale of air through her nose before leaning back on her hands and crossing her knees "Petros, would you mind doing me a favor?"

"Hmm?" Petros glanced back at the Goddess with a curious expression on his face.

"I'm running low on a few things that I can't grow myself" Freya nodded towards her home "Preservatives mainly. Would you be

willing to head to the nearby town and acquire me some?"

"Why not you?" Petros asked with confusion.

"I need to stay here and rework a few of my wards and spells to keep those damned birds out" Freya nodded to where Odin's construct was "And make sure there isn't any more watching us"

"Watching you?" Petros said with a nod towards the immortal woman.

"Nope, I'm afraid it's 'us' now" Freya said with a grim chuckle "He probably saw you though those birds of his by now. Which means, in his mind, I'm no longer alone in my exile and he's going to try and uncover what and who you are"

"Safe for me to leave this place?" Petros said with a nervous voice as he looked up towards the sky for any signs of Odin's spies and than towards the nearby trees.

"Oh he won't try anything against you, not yet at least. Not until he discovers if your a threat to him or not" Freya said with a slight shrug "He'll undoubtedly have his ravens watch the borders of my woods for a while either way. And if you leave them for the town like I asked, he'll definitely see you. But he wont send anyone after you if that's what your afraid of"

At least, she hoped he didn't.

While Petros may be safe from any sort of immediate attack from Odin in the sense he wishes to know who Freya has allowed to take up residence with her, there was a possibility that it'll be jealousy that'll influence the Aesir King's actions. And while she doubts that Odin himself will come all the way to Midgard to potentially kill Petros, he very well could send someone else, perhaps one of his grandchildren, to deal with Petros with some well crafted lie on how he's a danger to Asgard.

*'At least, I hope he sends one o his grandchildren. If he were to send one of his sons...'* Freya held back a grimace at the possibility of her own son Baldur being the one sent.

It's only been a few years since she's seen her child, but the feeling of his hands on her throat, the look of sheer and utter contempt in his eyes as he squeezed the life from her, still haunted her. She would not apologize for what she did, nor the sacrifices she made to ensure he lived, all she could hope for was that one day he'd understand why she did it, why she made him invulnerable.

And if not... well, at least he'd be alive to hate her.

Petros hummed as he considered Freya's request, weighing the pros and cons of it.

He wasn't exactly eager to get caught up in some sort of family drama this land's Gods seem to be in the middle of. While Freya hasn't spoken too much about the Aesir, what she has said painted a pretty clear picture in Petros's mind on what they were...

"Your sure he won't send anyone after me if I leave this place?" Petros said with some uncertainty in his voice "Just because I survived being nearly killed by one God doesn't mean I want to try my luck with another"

"I'm... fairly certain" Freya said as she brought her legs up to rest her chin on her knees "The town your going to isn't very far. Only about a day's walk. Leave early in the morning, get what I need, and leave and be back in time for dinner"

"It all sounds so simple when you put it like that" Petros said with a snort of grim amusement before he took a deep breath "Alright, I'll go. Been meaning to bet out and explore anyway"

"Win-win" Freya smiled up at the God "I get my preservatives, you get to see more to this place beyond my wood"

"And the only danger I can expect to face is either your ex husband's minions or freezing to death" Petros said with a shiver, though he wasn't sure what it was for, the cold or the Aesir Gods.

"And the occasional Draugr. Oh and bands of Reavers too" Freya added.

"Your not helping" Petros stared dryly at the smirking Goddess.



"just making sure your aware of the dangers you'll face" she said with a laugh as she stood up and brushed some of the dirt of her pants "Oh and Petros?"

"Yes?" he asked with a raised brow aimed at the Vanir Goddess.

"Please try not to fuck anyone while your there" Freya gave Petros a tiredly amused look "I don't think many people will appreciate it"

"I thought you were trying to seduce me!" Petros groaned before he slipped back into Greek and began to speak at a pace that Freya struggled to keep up with "Για την αγάπη όλων όσων είναι - την επόμενη φορά, μην βγάλετε μερικά πολλά συγκεχυμένα σήματα!"

She understood maybe two or three words, but the rest sounded like complete gibberish to her. Petros went off for another few moments before he caught himself and took a deep breath before he began to speak in Freya's tongue.

"What do I need to get you?" he asked with a resigned look on his face.

"Come on, I'll show you" Freya giggled as she gestured for Petros to follow her "And keep the pants on please"

Petros grumbled as he followed after the laughing Goddess, both blissfully unaware of the glowing translucent Raven watching their every move with a unnaturally watchful gaze in it's glowing eyes.

With a final caw, the raven took off into the sky.

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And done.

Next chapter, Running errands...

# Running errands

answers to reviewers questions or statements:

**Jason Chandler** : Sadly this wont be the last time that Petros misreads a situation. Oh you have no idea.

**Jurassik-Master** : Maybe.

**PlayBoxCube** : It'll be a while until the likes of Thor, Baldur or Magni and Modi show up. No, Athena will not be making any unexpected visits, she's not even aware he survived and even if she was, Petros won't have her attention like Kratos will.

**DarkThunderbird1604** : It's been implied in the actual myths that Freyja (Freya) and her bother Freyr were possibly lovers given that the Vanir practiced incest, with their father having married his own sister and sired two children with her. Know the lore that God of War's based off before you try slapping that 'I know the lore' bullshit.

**Guest** : No it's just a coincidence. Petros figuring out some of Freya's Godly domains is a sorta insight into Peter's intelligence and observation skills, something he's inherited from both his parents.

**josereyes121367** : Not really no, just a few of Spider-man's rouges that have been God of Warified.

**XXX Chaos Breaker XXX**: Who says she's dead?

**badiullahmeri10** : No she never did, he just says it as an insult.

Disclaimer: I don't own any Marvel or God of War characters seen, mentioned or used.

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Petros was never one for the wilds of the world.

The wide open plains and the dark foreboding forests never really appealed to him as much as it did with certain other Gods. Part of

him always assumed it had to do with his father, an entity that preferred the sanctuary of his workshops and forges to the outside world. Of course when Petros courted Artemis, he spent his fair share of time in the wilds of Greece, mainly because that was the only place he could ever find the huntress when she wasn't on Olympus.

But after spending the better part of an hour and a half trekking through the vast wilderness that was Midgard, Petros can safely say he still isn't a fan. Despite wearing the furs and leathers of what he was told was a white deer at some point before Freya somehow killed it, the Grecian deity still felt the chill of the air, and the boots he was wearing weren't as comfortable as he had hoped, though Freya did warn him they may be a bit tight given she made them with little knowledge on his measurements.

"How in Tartarus's name can Freya tolerate living out here?" Petros asked himself as he stopped at a small creek, the shores lined with sheets of ice that broke off somewhere further up stream, to rest.

The bag that he was carrying his armor in laid at his feet, close enough for him to grab it in the event he needed to move, but far enough away from his leg he didn't have to worry about kicking it and spilling its contents all over the ground and have to spend the next ten minutes looking for every piece... again.

"I swear Freya used a spell of some sort to make it harder to find those pieces after they fell" Petros grumbled as he remembered his less than stellar departure from Freya's Sanctuary before he grumbled and adjusted his position on the small boulder he decided to rest on.

He didn't actually need to rest, Divine stamina and all that, but walking continuously for hours on end tended to get boring and Petros needed something different to distract him and collect his thoughts.

A few deer like creatures that Freya called Moose, some with odd glowing antlers, were quietly drinking from the cool waters a few meters away from where the minor God had stopped to rest. Petros regarded the large animals for a few moments, considering if he

should kill one of them for food to bring back to Freya's sanctuary before he remembered the grizzly process of skinning, cleaning and harvesting a deer's meat and hide and could only assume that doing it to a moose would be even harder. Petros shivered at the thought before he turned his attention back to the creek and watched a few large fish, each the length of his arm, skimming the surface for food.

"You seem to be the most normal thing I've seen since I got here" Petros told the fish as he watched them swimming about without a care in the world "Just a couple of regular fish swimming around, minding their own..."

A bird small enough to fit in Petros's palm suddenly flew down towards the water, likely to either get a drink, catch a small fish or simply bathe. Before the bird was even within a meter of the water's surface, one of the fish that Petros saw suddenly stuck its head out, rows upon rows of teeth emerging from the gums, and shot its tongue out like a toad or a frog and snagged the bird clean out of the air. The Olympian watched with a dumbfounded expression as the bird was all but swallowed whole by the fish before it dived back into the icy waters and swam towards the deeper, darker parts of the creek to continue feasting on its prize.

"Forget what I just said... your monsters from the dark abyss" Petros sighed as he looked up at the sky to see the sun was nearing the center of the sky, making it close to noon by his understanding of this land's day and night cycles.

It was still hard to believe it and the moon were apparently chariots that were being chased by giant wolves, at least according to Freya they were. Than again, in Greece the sun was a chariot pulled by horses made of fire so perhaps he shouldn't be too surprised that the sun in Midgard has an unusual history to it. Still, giant wolves was a bit disconcerting given Petros's less than stellar history with them and the God connected to them, Apollo.

*' Come to think of it, a lot of animals that one sees in the wild that was connected o him or his sister are something I dislike'* Petros thought with a snort as he stood up and stretched out his back muscles before reached down to grab his bag of armor and begin heading back to the small 'trail' that according to Freya, led him to

the settlement she needed supplies from.

He still thinks she could've come with him after she set up or improved her existing wards against Odin's magical Raven constructs, just because he's somewhat learned to speak and understand the main spoken language of this realm doesn't mean he was confident enough to use it with strangers. And this was all assuming that the merchants and hunters that Petros will have to speak to even speak the language the former Olympians has spent weeks learning to speak.

"You know what, if I somehow get the wrong things, she can go back and get the right ones herself" Petros decided with a firm nod.

In fact, she should be a little grateful he's even getting her these things, he was a God! He had better things to do than muck around a backwater town and speaking with uneducated barbarians for-

Petros stopped and violently shook his head of the thoughts, for weeks now, even before he ended up in this strange land, his thoughts were... different, from what they used to be. Granted Petros was never what one would call 'good' but he never embodied the dark thoughts of Devine superiority that his mind would sometimes conjure up, least to his knowledge.

*'Huh, now that I think about it, quite a few of the others were starting to act different'* Petros thought with a frown as he remembered how some of his fellow Gods' behaviors started to either worsen or a particular trait of theirs seemed to amplify, like Aphrodite's lust or Neptune's rage.

Artemis, now that he thought about it, seemed to suffer from bouts of intense rage filled jealousy whenever she saw Petros near another woman, Goddess or otherwise for any reason...

"Funny she spent more time worrying about who I was with rather than keeping her damn hunters away from my spiders..." Petros muttered with a hint of bitterness as he continued his way down the well worn path.

Thankfully there wasn't many insects flying around, aside from the

odd butterfly every now and again. The dozens of flowers that lined the edge of the path were a variety of bright colors and gave the area a light, relaxing atmosphere to wander through. Add the gentle flow of the nearby creek that was slowly becoming a stream and a few bird calls in the distance, Petros could almost, almost believe he was simply wandering through one of Greece's more remote forests in search of Artemis as she hunted some rare animal or monster for one reason or another.

"Gods I hope I don't run into any random mortals on some 'noble' quest" Petros shook his head at the mere thought.

It only ever happened twice, the first mortal was someone by the name of Peirthous, he was apparently looking for a wife which led to him trying to look for a way into the Underworld for some reason. Well he apparently lost track of a friend of his during the search for said entrance and in his attempts to find said friend, he stumbled across Petros. The interaction was... brief, mainly because Petros was focused on finding Artemis and demanding an explanation as to why she let several more of her Hunters kill another of his spiders. Safe to say when Peirthous tried to be more forceful in his demand of answers from Petros, the Spider Deity sent the mortal screaming when he... showed his less friendly side.

Ironically enough, the screams Peirthous emitted alerted Artemis and drew her attention which in turn allowed Petros to confront her and promptly allow the two's relationship to come to a horrific and bloody end.

"Ah good times... good times..." Petros said mumbled as he stepped over a large branch that had fallen on the path before he stumbled back as something large moved under the ground and raced off the path.

Petros didn't get a clear view of whatever it was, what appeared to be some sort of scaly tail briefly emerged from the disturbed soil and slung a few rocks at the Minor God before his back struck the trunk of a tree. The force of the impact caused the plant to shudder before dozens of needles began to fall on o the now annoyed God.

"And this is why I prefer to life in the cities, less random animals

roaming about" Petros grumbled as he brushed the pine needles off his head and scowled in the direction of whatever that burrowing creature was.

Next time he was bringing Hildisvini and throwing the damn boar at whatever that thing was if he saw it again.

Least the ugly pig would be useful for a change.

...

The settlement, Petros wasn't even going to try and pronounce the place's name, wasn't very large compared to some of the towns that Petros visited back in Greece. The wall surrounding most of the settlement was made of three meter tall wooden stakes packed close together though a few small gaps, large enough for a child to squeeze through, could be seen every once in a while. The homes within the settlement were all single story and seemed to be made of mud, wood and some sort of grass or straw for the roofs. They didn't seem as elaborate or spacious as Freya's home, though he supposed her magics and the fact she's living under a massive turtle might play some part in it.

But they did seem a little nicer than his little cabin in Chaurli's branches.

"Maybe I should look for a book on how to build a house out here..." Petros said to himself as he slowly made his way down what he assumed was the town's main road.

It was muddy and covered with numerous holes and footprints from the various humans, horses, cows, goats and carts that traversed it. Petros had to mind his step less he slip and fall face first into the muddy mixture of Fates knows what. The residents of this settlement seemed... agreeable, if a bit dirty and uneducated looking, and smelled like a cesspool after a bad storm.

Thankfully the supplies that Freya needed were being sold and or bartered by mortals that seemed to actually take some pride in their appearance and kept themselves reasonably clean. It wasn't much in the grand scheme of things, and a far cry from the various

merchants lords of the City States in Greece, but it was good enough for this land he supposed.

*'Maybe this land's Gods should introduce bathing to it's people'*  
Petros thought with a snicker as he exited a building that sold some of the preservatives Freya needed.

He had no real idea on what they were, all he did was just hand the large bellied man the paper Freya wrote on and let the merchant seek them out while he waited. Once he had everything, and saw that he still had some 'money', just a few shiny looking rocks the size of his nail really, Petros decided to seek out a blacksmith to see to his armor. He doubted that a mere mortal could do anything to fix the damaged inflicted on it, but at the very least he might be able to offer Petros some tips on how to do so himself.

Not for the first nor last time did Petros wish he inherited a bit of his father's skill in metal work.

"Now if I was a blacksmith in some backwater village in the middle of a forest, where would I set up shop?" Petros asked himself as he stood in what he assumed was the settlement's main square and looked around for the tell-tell signs of a blacksmith's forge.

Smoke, the sound of hammers hitting metal, that sorta of stuff.

Unfortunately there was a lot of smoke coming from some of the buildings around the square and he could hear a lot of things been hit with hammers. Seeing that nothing short of going door to door until he found the right place, Petros decided to simply ask some of the locals for an idea of where to start. Unfortunately his skill with their language was still a bit rough and some of them seemed to find it difficult to understand his accent given the looks on their faces. And some of them didn't even seem to know what it was he was saying to begin with, leaving Petros to wonder if they even spoke the language he's spent weeks learning.

"Oh this is just great, now I'm gonna have to learn a whole new language!" Petros groaned as he paced back and forth before a large stone stature of some God, he couldn't tell which one but they had a mighty big looking hammer.



At least he thought it was a hammer, for all he knew, it was just a statue of some random local hero that took a rock and tied it to a stick.

"Oi, you wouldn't happen to know where I can find a smith would you?" Petros stopped and glanced up at the statue with a questioning gaze.

"I don't think you'll be getting much of an answer from him"

Petros blinked at the deep, soft spoken voice and turned and looked up to see one of the tallest mortal's he's ever seen in his life. The man was tall, easily a head and a half taller than Petros and by the look of it, his excessively braided beard reached to his waist. His hair, a sort of light brown color that matched his beard, wasn't too long compared to some people that Petros has seen, just reaching his chin. He was clad in various leathers and furs, some of which Petros swore may have been bear at some point, and a large ax rested on his back.

At his feet were several large bags, likely filled with whatever errands the man was on.

It was then that Petros realized he was staring and cleared his throat as he averted his gaze from the man's icy blue eyes "Well, you never know. Statues can talk sometimes if you listen"

Plenty of them did back on Olympus, though they slowly began to fall mute and silent in the days after Ares's death until they were nothing but statues by the time of the second Titanomachy.

The tall man shrugged at this "Perhaps, though I still believe you wouldn't get much out of this one if it did. The one it's made to 'honor' isn't what I'd call considerate"

"Perhaps" Petros said as he glanced at the statue one more time before turning his attention to the tall mortal as he adjusted the grip he had of his bag of armor "So what do I call you?"

"Just call me Fárbausti" the tall man said with a deep chuckle before he noticed the bag on Petros's shoulder and gestured to it with his

free hand "What's in there? Sounds like a lot of metal"

"More or less" Petros admitted with a shrug, causing the contents of the bag to jostle a little "Armor my father made me. I'm hoping to find someone here that can fix it"

Fárbauti nodded at this with a hum "Well, there's a pair of Dwarves in town for the summer that might be able to fix it"

"Are they expensive?" Petros asked with a frown as he mentally tallied how much money he still had left after buying most of Freya's things.

He could perhaps come to some sort of bartered agreement with these Dwarves, though from the look on Fárbauti's face, that might not be likely.

"They aren't expensive per say, more of their very picky on what they work on and whom for" Fárbauti said as he rubbed his chin before he pointed down a rather narrow street that led to the more... wealthy looking part of the town "You'll find their stall that way, just look for a pair of Dwarves, trust me, they won't be hard to miss"

"Who do they normally avoid dealing with?" Petros asked as he adjusted his grip on his armor's bag, the sound of the metal jostling around was beginning to attract attention from a few passing townsfolk.

"Varies" Fárbauti said with a sigh of some annoyance "Some days they seem fine with me and are all too eager to help, others they want nothing to do with anyone for one reason or another. At least Brok does, his brother Sindri is a bit more... agreeable, so long as your not overly dirty"

"Okay...?" Petros said with some confusion.

"Will you be in town long?" Fárbauti asked with curiosity.

"Not really no" Petros said with a shake of his head as he jostled his bag "If I can't find someone to fix this than I'll just try my luck some other time somewhere else"

"Ah, well don't let me keep you sir" Fárbauti stepped to the side.

"Thanks" Petros said as he made to pass the man before he stopped and glanced at him with a frown "Question..."

"Uh, answer?" Fárbauti said with a confused grin.

"Do you know a person by the name of... Freya, by any chance?" Petros asked in as casual of a manner as he could, which in hindsight, wasn't very much.

While Freya has been fairly forthcoming about herself, Petros knew there was quite a bit she was keeping tight lipped about, such as the main reasoning behind her banishment, the general specifics of her marriage to Odin, her life before the marriage aside from a comment here and there and any siblings or children she's sired. True he could ask her directly instead of asking others behind her back, but Petros would like a second viewpoint on just who exactly he was sharing a home with.

Call it paranoia but the considering the last Goddess Petros somewhat let his guard down around ended up nearly killing him and just about every being he knows, he'd rather be safe than sorry.

Something told him his luck wouldn't save him a second time around.

"Freya... Freya... Freya..." the large man mumbled as he rocked his head side to side as if trying to possibly dislodge the information from somewhere in his mind before he nodded "I believe so, yes. She's a Goddess if I recall, a Vanir if I'm correct"

"More or less" Petros nodded.

"Well... she's not like the Aesir, that's for sure" Fárbauti said with a grim chuckle "Norns help us all if she were. Very empathic from what I recalled. Brilliant in her uses of Seiðr magics amongst the Vanir, unparalleled even"

"But if you were to find yourself in her care, would you trust her?" Petros asked with a furrowed brow "Like, you won't wake up with half your body missing or something"

"Far as I know, no" Fárbauti said with a raised brow "I'm sorry, but is there a purpose to all of this?"

"I've found myself in the care of a woman that worships Freya and takes after her supposed ideals and I'm just making sure that I won't end up regretting it later" Petros waved off the taller man's concerns.

Fárbauti stared at him with a doubtful look "... Right"

"Anyway, I best get going" Petros said as he began to pass Fárbauti "I wanna be back on the road before nightfall"

"You plan to travel at night?" Fárbauti said with surprise as he watched Petros slowly walk away "Are you certain that's wise? The land can be dangerous at night"

"I'll be fine" Petros said with a scoff "I'm more than capable of handling a few cutthroats that might try to attack me on the road"

"Bandits aren't the only things that are roaming the roads now a days" Fárbauti said in a grave tone "There's talk that the dead have begun to walk again, killing anything in their path. And some truly ferocious creatures have been spotted moving towards settlements more often"

"As I said, I'll be fine, but thank you for your concern all the same" Petros said, unbothered by some of the dangers that Fárbauti was describing.

He was a God, a minor one yes but a God all the same, he could handle a few monsters. Well within reason, he wasn't so sure if he could face a Dragon unscathed, there's a few flying around according to Freya, but against something like a larger than average wolf or apparently the undead, he'll be fine.

*'Won't be my first run in with the undead'* Petros thought with a chuckle *'Hopefully their more reasonable than Morbius ever was'*

"As you wish" Fárbauti conceded with a sigh as he turned to leave "I wish you luck in your endeavor stranger"

"Thanks" Petros said with a wave "And uh, good luck with... living I

guess"

Fárbauti laughed at this "That I shall"

...

Finding the stall with a pair of Dwarves working it wasn't all that hard after Petros parted ways with Fárbauti. Mainly because it was the nicest looking one that Petros had seen so far since arriving in the mortal settlement. It also held a very distinct visual difference to the other stalls along the street, the materials it was made from and the style they were in seemed a little alien compared to what could be found in Midgard.

The walls of the stall were lined with various weapons, shields, pieces of armor and other items that could be forged, be it plates, cups, or jewelry. They were all finely forged, easily on par with the likes of the things that Petros remembered seeing in Hephaestus's workshops.

In fact, that was how one of the Dwarves working the small forge noticed Petros in the first place, he was busy staring at the various spears that were hanging on the wall. His skin was blue, which Petros thought was a bit odd, but considering the odd physical characteristics some of the Titans and Gods that Petros knew back in Greece, he supposed he shouldn't judge.

While he may look like a mortal, his true appearance was far less... human looking.

"If your planning to steal something, I'd advise against that" the blue skinned dwarf growled Petros with narrowed eyes before he gestured to the various wears with his hammer "Everything here has a spell on it to have it return to our shop unless it's removed upon purchase"

"People steal a lot of your things?" Petros asked.

"More than I'd like" the dwarf snarled before he made a loud snort before blowing the mucus from his nose and on to the ground before he kicked some dirt on it and cover it up "The name's Brok, now

what can me and my brother help you with?"

"Well... I was hoping you could fix this" Petros said as he placed the bag on the counter and opened it to reveal the armor he came to this land in.

"Sweet nana's peckers..." Brok said as he reached into the bag and pulled out the helmet and gave it a close look over while the other dwarf, Sindri he assumed, examined the chest piece with interest.

"Interesting style... it's not Aesir or Vanir" the well dressed and clean dwarf said as he put the chest piece back into the bag and cupped his chin in thought "Too much bronze mixed in and the plating is particularly thick around the breast... reminds me a bit of the Dark Elves in the way it's forged to provide maximum protection over much as the body as possible without sacrificing mobility"

"Where'd you get this from?" Brok said as he tossed the helmet back into the bag and gave Petros a curious look "The quality of it reminds me of some of Wayland's works"

"It was given to me by my father" Petros said with a slight shrug "Sort of present he made to make up for the fact that he wasn't around much"

Or cared much.

"Some father" Brok said with a snort as he kept staring at Petros "What was he?"

"A smith" Petros said with a frown as he pointed towards the armor "I thought it'd be obvious given I just said he made it for me"

"No shit, but you still haven't answered my question" Brok said with a glare "What. Was. He?"

"What's it matter what he was?" Petros asked with a scowl of annoyance at the dwarf's attitude.

He was told that Dwarves can be... difficult, but this one was really starting to push a few buttons.

"If he's a God, which by extension makes you one too, I want nothing to do with it" Brok pushed the bag back towards Petros, causing it to nearly slip over the counter's edge.

"Not a fan of Gods I take it" Petros said with annoyance as he took the bag and slung it back over his shoulder, jostling the plates inside.

"Oh just the Aesir" Sindri said with a wave of his hand as he went back to polishing the shield he had in front of him "Vananir are so-so, for the most part"

"Buncha assholes all of them" Brok snorted before he spat a mixture of saliva and mucus into the burning coals, causing it to sizzle briefly.

"Well aren't you just a wee charmer" Petros said in a dry tone aimed at the blue dwarf before he glanced at Sindri "Since you two won't fix my armor, you know anyone that could?"

"Andvari might" Brok said as he pointed towards another stall at the end of the street that somewhat similar in design to Brok and Sindri's though smaller "He'll fix anything for the right price"

"He any good?" Petros asked.

"Good enough, now are ya gonna keep boring me with your yapping or buy some shit?" Brok said as he gestured to the items he had on display.

Petros spared a glance at some of the things that were apparently for sale and found himself staring at what appeared to be a pair of metal bracers with faint glowing runes on their surface.

"What are those?" Petros pointed to the bracers.

"Hmm?" Brok followed Petros's finger to see what he was pointing at before he scoffed "What, that? Just an old project that never fell through"

"What did you try to accomplish with this?" Petros asked as he picked up one of the bracers and weighed it with his hand, not too

heavy, not too light.

"Aside from keeping someone from having their fucking arms cut off? They were made with fragments from a Key of Yggdrasil I found a few centuries ago to make traveling across a realm easier. Instead of having to log around a key and keeping track of it, you'll always have it with ya" Brok said as he reached up and snatched the bracer from Petros's hand and placed it back with the other "But the damn thing never worked right, always sent you to the wrong place... or left you trapped on one of the branches where you'd proceed to starve to death"

"How much?" Petros asked.

Brok froze for a moment before he glanced up at Petros with a curious look, even Sindri paused in his work to glance at the Grecian.

"Tell me, did your mother drop you on your head when you were a babe, or are you just selectively deaf? The damn things don't work!" Brok said with a annoyed scoff.

"So what's the problem with me buying them?" Petros asked with a raised brow.

Brok stared at Petros with a twitching brow before he suddenly pushed both bracers towards Petros "Fine, you want to get yourself killed, by all means. Take the fucking things and don't blame me when you end up dead or dying or worse"

"I'll make sure to curse you with my dying breath" Petros said in a dry tone as he watched Brok retrieve a piece of cloth from his belt and began to wipe the bracers down, likely removing the spell that caused them to automatically return to the stall if taken too far.

As this was happening, Petros noticed another person approaching the stall, a dwarf based on their height. He was dressed in fairly nice clothing, bright colored fabrics with intricate gold and silver jewelry weaved into the it. He had some kind of metal cap on his head that was encrusted with silver jewels of some kind, and he possessed a small red goatee that looked a little messy.



Brok had just finished wiping down the bracers when he noticed the newcomer and scowled at the dwarf, who in turn scowled back at Brok.

"The fuck you want Andvari?" Brok demanded.

"I came to see the work of a great crafter but instead I found something that my ass would shit out after I spoil her with too much carrots" Andvari fired back with a glare of his own before he glanced at Sindri "Morning Sindri"

"Andvari" Sindri waved at his fellow dwarf before he made a face and began to gag as he pointed to something on Andvari's chest "Oh... you... ugh, you have something..."

Andvari quirked a brow at this and followed Sindri's gaze and saw some leftover, half eaten food on his chest "Oh... my breakfast, wondered what happened to it"

"I see your eating habits are as good as your works... shit" Brok grinned.

"Whose work are you calling shit you little cunt?!" Andvari scowled at Brok while slamming his hands on the stall's table.

"Should I be worried?" Petros glanced at Sindri and nodded towards the two bickering Dwarves.

"They'll be fine, they usually do this every time they see one another" Sindri said with a long suffering sigh.

"Oh... so Brok grabbing a knife and Andvari threatening to beat his head in with a very nice looking hammer is normal?" Petros stared at the two Dwarves as they seemed one insult away from killing one another.

"Pretty much" Sindri said with a an embarrassed chuckle before a sudden uproar of screams drew their attention towards the settlement's western wall.

"The fuck/The Hel?" Brok and Andvari sounded at the same time while Petros frowned at the screams and tried to see what it was

causing the disturbance as several people, all covered in blood, raced down the street.

"This place under attack?" Petros asked as he felt a faint tremor at the base of his skull...

Hadn't had that feeling in a while.

"Probably just a bunch of people realizing what shit they bought from Andvari here" Brok shot a glare at the other Dwarf "Can't say I blame them"

Andvari's response was to flip Brok off before a loud crash drew their attention to the other end of the street where several new figures emerged. At first Petros thought they were more of the mortals that lived in this place, running from whatever was attacking, horrifically wounded, but alive, until he noticed how decomposed some of the people were. Then there was the way they moved, how erratic and twitchy their limbs flared about and the unhuman growls and screeches they uttered amongst each other.

"Uhh, what are those?" Petros said as he stared at the ghoulish looking corpses with wide eyes as they all brandished various broken or rusted weapons.

"Draugr!" Brok said with narrowed eyes aimed at the band of undead figures "Buncha undead assholes"

"Everyone is an asshole to you Brok" Andvari said with an eye roll "Fucking asshole"

Sindri took one look at the Draugr and made a face at the state they were in and began to gag slightly "Oh... I think... I think I see their organs still rotting in them"

"Well this is just lovely" Petros said with dread as the Draugr horde noticed the four of them and let out a series of yells and growls before charging towards them.

Next time Freya needed him to get something, she could go and get it herself.

...

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And done.

Next chapter, Undead assholes...

# Undead assholes galore

answers to reviewers questions or statements:

**Ricc850** : Cause it's Peter/Petros.

**Bladewolf101** : I saw it.

**I craft experiences** : Not for a while, another ten chapters at least.

**Jason Chandler** : More or less. The Travelers might be more of a challenge in the future though.

**Skywarp460** : I fail to see where you pointing out something obvious is related to the story in any shape or form. You want a pat on the head followed by a 'good job boy'?

**badiullahmeri10** : It's set roughly 150 years before the events of the game, just a few months before Jörmungandr's arrival and Týr's temple being submerged beneath the Lake of Nine.

**Guest** : Yes.

**Guest** : All of the Gods on Olympus were infected to some degree, some with multiple Evils, Petros was infected with the likes of Sloth, Selfishness and Hate. Poseidon also noticed something was wrong with them and himself, but Petros has begun to notice that it's been going on for a while, and other things were beginning to go wrong since Ares was killed, such as the statues of Olympus growing silent. Artemis suffered from Pride, Hate and Jealousy. I think it's less purging the Evils from Petros and more of it'll eventually work it's way out of him.

**GodofWarFan95** : Yes. Yes, though with a few slight variations given Kratos here is a woman. Yes.

**Storm** : I figured.

**CrocMan1990** : Indeed.

Disclaimer: I don't own any Marvel or God of War characters seen, mentioned or used.

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*Artemis hated being interrupted during a hunt.*

*Even her attendants, unless personally invited by the Goddess, gave their mistress space when she was hunting for whatever struck her fancy at the time. In fact, the last time someone had stumbled across her while on a hunt and turned into a stag that was than promptly killed by a pack of hounds. So when Petros finally tracked the immortal woman down to a small valley in central Anatolia, he wasn't too put off by her hostility. Though given their location, he supposed the young Goddess was under enough stress as it is. The Gods of the ever growing Persian Empire weren't exactly fond of Olympians and have been known to attack some of them on sight if spotted.*

*At least Ra and his kin to the south tended to give Olympians a chance to leave before attacking them.*

*"What are you even tracking anyway?" Petros asked as he watched Artemis examine a few prints on the ground, though to him they looked nothing like footprints of anything he's ever seen, they looked just like random markings "Has to be pretty impressive for you to risk coming all the way out here. Especially after what happened between Hermes and Sraosha last month"*

*Hermes, the Greek God of Messengers had heard of the Persians counterpart to himself and sought the deity out for a race to see who was the faster messenger. Safe to say, Sraosha wasn't interested and when Hermes tried to provoke the God into a race, he was promptly slapped clean across the face which in turn caused Hermes to punch the deity in the face and from there, the two descended into a brawl.*

*To think a Devine war almost began because of a damned race.*

*"I'm tracking a Vrykolakas..." Artemis shot Petros an annoyed look from over her shoulder before she bent over and continued to study*

*the prints.*

*Petros was positive she was bending over at the waist on purpose, as her current position gave him a inviting view of her rear. And the way the sun overhead hit her thin light green short exomis and made it seemingly even lighter allowed Petros to catch a glimpse of her body's shadow underneath. Feeling his arousal grow, Petros quickly adverted his gaze and tried to focus his mind on something else, something less arousing than the Goddess before him.*

*"What brings YOU all the way here?" Artemis asked as she brushed a few strands of her auburn hair behind her ear and glanced back at Petros over her shoulder.*

*"Hiding mostly" Petros admitted with a shrug as he found himself struggling to keep his eyes focused on the Goddess's face and not her rear.*

*"From what?" Artemis asked with confusion as she rose back to her full height and turned towards the God fully, her hip cocked out slightly as she rested a hand on her hip.*

*Petros grinned a little darkly at this "From 'whom' would be more accurate"*

*Artemis mouthed the word 'whom' for a second as a contemplative look appeared on her face before it turned to that of anger "What has she done now?"*

*The 'She' was none other than the newly minted Goddess of War, Kratos. For months now both Artemis and Petros, mainly the former, have noticed the woman's proximity growing increasingly closer to the God of Spider's, often being seen just outside his workshop or the entrance to his chambers. Neither God had any idea what she wanted, when Artemis attempted to confront her outside of Petros's chambers late one evening, the Spartan Woman refused to answer the Goddess of the Hunt's questions. This in turn only served to infuriate Artemis who came to very nearly attack the other woman before Athena intervened and dragged the infuriated Kratos away.*

*"Today, nothin really" Petros said with a small shrug "But I wasn't*

*really in the mood to be in the same room as her given how... upset, she seemed"*

*What Petros didn't reveal was that he found Kratos inside his workshop, staring at the dozens of unfinished tapestries that the God never got around to completing. Most of them depicted various battles that raged during the Trojan War, mainly the Trojan's victories before Odysseus's little Trojan Horse changed the outcome of the war. Petros at the time figured it'd be poor taste to present the tapestries to Apollo given his city was burnt to the ground and most of it's people butchered.*

*At first Petros assumed she was there to simply given him a commission on a tapestry, maybe one of her life and rise to Godhood, but the odd look of anger and sadness in her eyes said otherwise. When Petros made himself known, loudly clearing his throat and demanding an explanation from the Goddess on why she was there, Kratos simply stared at him with unblinking, bloodshot eyes.*

*If Petros didn't know any better, he could've sworn the Goddess was crying.*

*"What was she upset about?" Artemis asked with a frown.*

*"No idea honestly" Petros said with a shake of his head "The moment I saw she was upset, I left and came to find you"*

*"Hoping I'd protect you?" Artemis asked with a hint of amusement in her tone, though it was small given how angry she was at the knowledge that Kratos was still bothering HER chosen mate.*

*If that two bit whore from Sparta wanted a good lay, she could strike it up with Heracles since the demi-god turned God has shown an interest in the Goddess. Or she could join one of Aphrodite's ever increasingly frequent orgies, that damned slut literally would fuck anyone at this point, even her own husband, Hephaestus.*

*"For the most part, yes" Petros nodded before he suddenly side stepped as a figure flew past him and crashed into the ground with a roar of rage.*

*Petros blinked at the creature, taking in it's half rotted and skin appearance, and the Gods awful smell of decaying flesh it emitted. Artemis wasted no time in drawing an arrow from her quiver and nocking it with her her bow before firing the small bronze tipped missile at the creature's head. The corpse like creature's head snapped back so far and so violently, Petros half expected it's head to come clean off.*

*Instead the skin only tore and began to leak a sickly pale red color that smelled of decay and filth.*

*"I'm going to take a wild guess and assume that's the Vrykolakas you've been hunting" Petros said as he watched Artemis nock another arrow, aim for the monsters head, and fired another shot, this time hitting it in the eye.*

*"Yes, it is" Artemis said in a cool, collected voice as she watched the Vrykolakas sway back and forth, the fletching of white feathers sticking out from the bloodied eye socket.*

*The Vrykolakas shrieked in pain as it ran towards the two Gods on all fours, snarling and growling like a rabid animal. Petros stepped back and watched as Artemis calmly lowered her bow and waited until the beast was closer before moving. Like a bolt of lightning, Artemis lashed out and struck the Vrykolakas clean across it's throat with her bow, snapping it's neck with a loud 'crack'. The Vrykolakas didn't even so much as whimper as it fell to the ground, dead and it's head angled in an unnatural way while more of that pale red blood leaked from it's torn neck and destroyed eye.*

*"You know, I assumed that thing would be more difficult to kill" Petros said with a frown as he glanced at Artemis "Considering you only ever seem to hunt things that are harder to kill than for your average mortal"*

*"I did not come to hunt it for the challenge" Artemis stated with a unreadable expression on her face "This beast was once the father of one of my attendants"*

*"That must've been quite a shock. Something tells me that wasn't the sorta of reunion she was hoping for" Petros said with a faint*



*snort.*

*"Indeed... in fact, it was such a shock, my attendant seeing her own father's twisted form rising from the earth, that she couldn't properly defend herself and was killed by him" Artemis said in a cold tone as she shot a glare at Petros.*

*"Yes... well..." Petros coughed as he did his best to avoid Artemis's glare by focusing his attention on the twitching Vrykolakas.*

*It didn't really look human anymore, it's arms and legs had seemingly elongated and the nails on their fingers and toes had turned into twisted looking claws. The skin seemed to be shrunk and just barely managing to keep itself together in certain areas, as if one deep inhale or twist will cause it to tear.*

*"How common are these things anyway?" Petros nodded towards the Vrykolakas.*

*"Generally they can be created a number of ways, the most common being buried in unconsecrated grounds or living a sacrilegious way of life" Artemis revealed as she crouched down and tore the arrow from the Vrykolakas's eye socket and examined the head before she dropped it to the ground "Another way their formed is if a unjust soul of someone escapes from the Underworld... which, given it's current state is likely to cause even more to appear in the coming days"*

*Ever since the death of Hade's wife, Persephone, the Ruler of the Underworld had become... lax, in his duties. Petros could somewhat understand, at least he thinks he can, the man had lost the only person he's ever shown actual love to and their murderer was made a Goddess after they killed another family member of theirs. If someone had taken Artemis from him, he might become spiteful and slack in his duties, little and unimportant as they were in the grand scheme of things.*

*"You think Zeus should be made aware of this?" Petros asked the daughter of the after mentioned God "See if he can talk to his brother?"*

*"My father will not care" Artemis said with a scoff "And even if he were to humor my request and speak to Lord Hades, Hades himself may not bother at all. He's still in mourning for lady Persephone's murder"*

*"If I recall correctly, she tried to destroy the world with the help of Atlas" Petros said with confusion.*

*"She could've been brought to heel like Hera was when she attempted to usurp Zeus all those years ago" Artemis stated "And even if she did need to be killed, it was premature to do so without warning Hades of the situation"*

*"Wasn't he in a deep sleep like the rest of us though?" Petros said with confusion.*

*"That's beside the point!" Artemis snapped angrily "Too many on Olympus give that bitch too much leeway with her actions. First that damned Athena, than Zeus-"*

*"So with the Vrykolakas now dead, what's your next destination?" Petros interrupted Artemis's rant as he glanced around them "Because I'm pretty sure that one of Persia's deities is aware that we're here and already on their way to deal with us. So how about we continue this discussion back home, yeah?"*

*Before Artemis could say anything, Petros had grabbed her arm and with a brief flare of mystical power and Godly Will, teleported the two of them back to Artemis's temple on Olympus in a reddish flash of light.. .*

*...*

These Draugr, or undead assholes as Brok 'affectionally' called them, weren't all that difficult to deal with.

Petros this realized after a few minutes of fighting them off with a combination of his spider webs and Godly strength, the only real issue was that there was quite a few of them throwing themselves at the minor God. While Petros was dealing with three of the half rotted warriors in front of himself, another eight were rushing him from all

sides like rabid hounds, swinging their rusted weapons about wildly.

Brok, Sindri and Andvari were of little to no help, instead they simply settled themselves behind the counter of Brok and Sindri's stall and watched as Petros more or less fought off the Draugr.

"You ever think of using a weapon? Like a sword or an ax?" Brok said after he watched Petros grab a Draugr's head and crush it between his hands before using it's headless body as a blunt force instrument to strike several more.

"Ugh, I really hope he washes afterwards before eating... just the thought of touching food with those hands... ugh, I think I'm gonna..." Sindri gagged before he rushed over to a bucket and began to empty his stomach's contents into it while Andvari watched the spectacle for a moment before glancing at Brok.

If I had to choose between fighting with my own hands or whatever weapon YOU forged, I'll take my chances with my hands" the colorful dwarf said.

"Fuck you, how about that?" Brok replied with a growl.

"YOU KNOW, YOU THREE ARE MORE THAN WELCOME TO HELP ME WITH THESE THINGS!" Petros yelled as he shrugged three Draugr off him before they could drive their rusted daggers into his body "THERE'S PLENTY AROUND FOR ALL OF US!"

No really, there was, in fact Petros could say that each of them could handle five or six on their own with how many were running around... or more accurately, running towards him.

"We're good, thanks" Brok said in a dry tone as he watched Petros kick a Draugr so hard, his foot went through it's half rotted torso and caused the man to stumble forward and almost lose his footing.

"What's he take us for, idiots?" Andvari snorted with an eye roll before he focused his attention on a dismembered hand that landed in front of him and poked that back of the palm with a finger "Life after death... hmmm... such an interesting concept"

"Fuck around with the dead?" Brok said with a raised brow before he

shook his head "You wanna earn Her attention, than by all means, have at it you worthless trout"

"Fuck you!"

"No fuck you!"

"No fuck you!"

"I think... I think I'm feeling a little better... I think I have a handle on it..." Sindri mumbled as he walked over to the two before he stopped as a dismembered Draugr's head landed in front him, still opening and closing it's jaw and growling.

Sindri stared at the head for a moment before he turned on his heel and ran straight back to the slowly overfilling bucket of vomit.

"What is wrong with him?" Andvari said with a confused expression aimed at Sindri.

"Mind yer fucking business, that's what's wrong" Brok snapped at the other Dwarf before they both ducked under a disemboweled Dragur flying over them and slamming into the stall's smiting furnace, igniting the screeching undead warrior "HEY! Watch where your throwing those damn things!"

"OH MY MISTAKE!" Petros yelled back at the annoyed Dwarf before he turned and grabbed a rusted mace before it could slam into his head.

Sadly the mace's surface was covered in rust and chipped slivers of metal, cutting his palm and drawing blood. Petros growled as he tightened his grip on the mace until the metal was crushed and seemed to fall apart like sand before the Grecian God grabbed the Draugr by it's lower jaw with his other hand and ripped it clean off before jamming it into one of it's eyes. With a yell, Petros kicked the Draugr away and leaned back to avoid the clawed swipe of another before he grabbed it's arm and flung the undead warrior over his back and into the ground with enough force to leave a small crater in the mud and to shatter the Draugr's body in a shower of rotted skin and bone.

The Draugr let out a enraged yell as it attempted to move before Petros brought both his fists down on to it's head, shattering the skull and causing a few bone fragments to hit Petros in the face, mainly the chin and cheek.

Petros spat some of the bone fragments out, nearly flinching at the putrid taste of the skin flakes and 'blood' that his tongue accidentally brushed against when he sucked in a small breath. It tasted like that horrid wine from Lemnos that Dionysus liked to make for some of the parties back on Olympus. The only person Petros ever see drinking it were Dionysus himself, Hera, Kratos and a number of Satyrs that were invited.

"They probably liked it because it tasted like their piss" Petros spat out a few more bits of bone and blood before he turned his attention to the last several Draugr, all armed with broken, rusted blades.

The Draugr hissed and growled at Petros as they brandished their weapons, as if to intimidate the minor God. Petros simply scoffed at the undead warriors as he raised both hands and pressed his middle and ring fingers down on his palms, shooting a number of web lines towards the Draugr, or more specifically, their weapons. The sight of Petros shooting webs from his hands caught the attention of Brok and Andvari, who had paused in their bickering to observe the spectacle while Sindri took one look at the webs coming from the man's wrists and promptly passed out.

"How the fuck?" Brok said with a raised brow while Andvari quirked his head a little and hummed.

"You think his father fucked a spider? Or did his mother fuck a spider?" the dwarf asked.

"The first one... believe it or not" Petros muttered as his web lines snagged the Draugr's weapons and used them to promptly yank them out of their rotted, decaying hands.

One of the Draugr's hands went with the sword, tearing at the wrist with a sickening 'r-r-rip' sound before Petros flicked his wrists which in turn cracked the web lines like a whip, sending the weapons back into the Draugr's bodies. The decaying warriors stumbled back as

the rusted weapons tore into their bodies, severing limbs and piercing long rotted organs, spilling their 'blood' all over the ground and creating a thick soup like much in the mud. If Sindri were still conscious, he may very well have fainted from that sight alone.

When the final Draugr fell, the wrathful spirit within fleeing the now destroyed body, Petros let out a sigh of relief as he relaxed a little and observed the 'street', or what was left of it. A number of stalls, barring the Dwarves, had been destroyed by the Draugr during their initial attack and the following battle with Petros. A number of men, women and even a few children also lined the ground on the far end of the street where the Draugr first emerged from, their bodies beaten, stabbed, torn and mutilated in horrific ways.

The sight reminded Petros of Athens after the battle between Ares and Kratos.

"You know, I thought these things would be... I don't know, more dangerous, I guess" Petros said as he stared at a dismembered Draugr "Weren't all that hard to deal with really, except they attacked you in large numbers"

The undead warrior was still moving despite the fact it was in several different pieces, but barring someone going up to it's head and sticking a finger in it's mouth, he doubted it'll be a threat to anyone anymore.

"On their own they aren't so bad" Brok said as he wiped some of the Draugr's 'blood' with a look of mild annoyance "Now if there was a Revenant or a Traveller with them, it'd be a different story. They tend to somehow better coordinate the damn things into something almost organized... barely"

"Good to know" Petros said as he picked up the Draugr's head and tossed the snarling thing back and forth in his hands "You know, this kinda reminds me of something back home"

"How so?" Andvari asked as he picked up a Draugr's hand that was fitted with several well worn rings and examined them closely to see if he could perhaps identify the style and possibly the maker.

"This woman that I knew ripped another woman's head clean off and used it as a weapon of sorts" Petros said as he remembered seeing Medusa's head being mounted on Athena's wall, a gift apparently from Kratos not long after her accession to Godhood.

Personally Petros would've just chucked the thing back into the pit of Tartarus and leave it at that.

"You gonna be alright?" Brok asked as he took in Petros's appearance "It looked like some of those assholes got a good hit in"

"I'll be fine" Petros waved off the dwarves concern.

While Petros hadn't suffered any real injury, he was sporting a few notable shallow cuts and scratches and the odd bruise here and there. Most of, if not all of them would be healed by nightfall, though a few of the wounds did leave the immediate area around where they were oddly numb, but burning at the same time...

"Well... nice work on killing these things" Brok nodded towards the various shredded and broken bodies of Draugr "I still think your an idiot for fighting them bare handed and without a descent pair of armor, but what's done is done"

"Well maybe you could give mine a-" Petros began as he gestured towards his bag of armor before Brok cut him off with a glare.

"No!"

...

It was very near midnight when Petros had returned to Freya's sanctuary, tired and hungry.

The trek back took a little longer than Petros hoped on account that a number of the town's people were gathered around the main gate, complaining to the settlement's apparent leader and asking what he was going to do to protect them from future attacks. Petros didn't even pretend to pay attention to what was being discussed, he simply shouldered his way through the mass of terrified mortals after waiting for over half an hour for them to disperse and made a straight shot for the path that'll take him back to Freya's woods.

While Petros may not have been as attuned to nature as some of his fellow Gods were, or even Freya, even he could sense something was off as he strolled through the woodland's trees. The birds were no longer singing, if you want to call that annoying chirping sound singing, and the colors of various flowers and tress seemed a little duller than he remembered. The wind also seemed just a little colder than usual and the sun didn't seem as warm, or bright for that matter.

To Petros, it was as if Midgard had taken a deep breath and was holding it, as if something were about to happen.

"Hmm... maybe Freya will have an idea" Petros said to himself as he quickened his pace once he saw the red leaves of the trees that made up Freya's sanctuary a few miles ahead.

He didn't see any signs of Freya's adjustments to the wards and spells that kept out unwanted intruders, such as the Aesir, but it was clear to the Grecian God that whatever she did was working. Along many branches of trees that bordered the red leave ones of Freya's woods, dozens of the magically artificial ravens roosted, cawing and flapping their 'wings'. The moment Petros had stepped into view, which couldn't be helped given there was a good sixty paces from the snow covered evergreens of Midgard's vast wilderness and Freya's domain, the ravens grew silent and their gazes snapped towards Petros.

It was unnerving, he'll admit, to be the center of attention to so many 'birds', an allowing their master to get a good long look of him. Freya assured him that Odin wouldn't likely make a move against him until he is certain the Grecian God is a threat to his power. Though Petros was certain that it wouldn't be fear so much as jealousy that'll drive Odin to either pay him a visit, or send someone in his thrall to do the same, Freya was a extremely beautiful Goddess after all and any former husband of her's would likely be unhappy to see she's in the company of another male god.

Even if said company is completely platonic.

Petros stared at the 'Ravens' for a moment before he raised his middle finger at the magical constructs and spoke in his native



tongue, knowing it'll drive Odin up the wall on what he said... probably. From what Freya has said of the Raven God, he was more paranoid than Zeus was even at his absolute worse.

"Spy on this little birdies"

The Ravens cawed, though Petros was certain it was meant to be a yell of some sort, or an insult.

With the Ravens and by proxy their master thoroughly insulted, Petros entered Freya's sanctuary and quickly found the path that'll take him back to her home. The walk didn't feel too long, despite the fact that Freya's home rested a good sixty miles inward. In fact, it felt like Petros only walked barely six before he suddenly found himself at the wall of roots that surrounded the immediate area around Freya's home and waited for them to part enough for him to walk through. As he stepped through, Petros felt an odd sensation of... well the best way he could describe it was walking through a waterfall only there was no water, just the feeling of walking through 'something' and feeling, for a brief moment, an unseen force bearing down on him.

Clearly Freya's upgrades to her defenses closest to her home received the most attention.

"I pity the bastard that tries to force his way into this place" Petros mumbled as he approached Chaurli as the massive turtle emerged from his hole, revealing Freya's home beneath, and glanced down at the approaching God.

The giant turtle lowered his head towards the approaching God and allowed Petros to reach out and rub one of his fleshy tendrils hanging from his chin.

"Sorry I'm so late getting back Chaurli, ran into some trouble in town" Petros said with a yawn as the days events finally began to catch up with him.

Chaurli made a deep rumbling sound that caused Petros's very bones to shake before the Grecian God reached into the bag that held most of Freya's things and produced a small yellow apple and

tossed it into the large reptile's mouth when it parted enough.

"Seen that worthless pig around?" Petros asked the large turtle as he looked for signs of the boar, Hildisvíni.

Chaurli made another deep rumbling sound that seemed to tell Petros 'no'.

"Well if you do see him, tell him I said I can't wait to see how he tastes when he's slow cooked over a spit" Petros chuckled as he gave one of Chaurli's fleshy tendrils another pat before climbing the small steps of Freya's home and pushed open the door "I'm back!"

"So I've noticed" Freya said from her place beside the fireplace that housed her pot, currently filled to the brim almost with a bubbling dark red liquid with bits of meat and vegetables bobbing around in it "So how was today? You find everything I needed okay?"

"For the most part, though some of the roots of plants you wanted weren't there" Petros said as he took the bag that held all of Freya's things and went to set it on the table.

"Which ones?" Freya asked as she looked up from the pot to glance at Petros before her eyes widened as she took in his appearance.

He was covered in dried blood and he had a few tears on his furred cloak and leathers.

"By the Norns, what happened?!" Freya said as she rushed over to check on any injuries' that Petros may have had.

"Draugr raid on the town I was in" Petros explained before he frowned "At least I think it was a raid. Not really sure what they do aside from walking around and rotting. And it wasn't so much of a raid as it was a attack. Well not even that, more of a disturbance of the peace. Probably shouldn't go back there for the foreseeable future, I 'killed' a lot of those Draugr and some of their friends might head over and find out what happened to them"

"I'm sure" Freya said with a snort as she gestured for Petros to remove his tunic so she could properly examine his body to make sue he didn't have any lasting wounds.

While he may be a God and thus have Godly healing, Draugr have been known to carry weapons that were... not poisoned, but they had a way of rotting away one's body if left untreated for long. Even Gods weren't totally immune to the effect, and Freya's seen her fare share perish for letting such wounds fester for too long.

"Also I met an odd trio of Dwarves" Petros said as he removed the various leathers and furs he was dressed up in before removing the tunic and setting it on the table's bench before sitting down himself while Freya ran a glowing hand over his torso "Turns out their assholes, at least two of them were. The third was actually pleasant, if a little odd and obsessed with staying clean"

"Dwarves have a number of odd quirks" Freya smiled fondly as she remembered her own interactions with the little folk, before her marriage to Odin "But their skills as craftsman is virtually unrivaled. Some of the greatest craftsman among the Gods, Elves and Jötnar had studied under them and still admitted their work pales in comparison"

At least the Elves and Jötnar admitted to such a thing, the Gods, the Aesir specifically, remained convinced their works were superior to that of the Dwarves.

"So I hear" Petros said as he glanced at his bag of armor and frowned "They didn't want to work on my armor because my father made it, who I admitted was a God"

"The Gods haven't been exactly kind to the Dwarves over the centuries" Freya said as she continued to examine Petros's body "Well... the good news is that your not afflicted with anything from whatever weapons the Draugr managed to hurt you with"

"And here I thought you simply wanted to get my clothes off so you could have your wicked way with me" Petros joked before he winced when Freya slapped a small bruise that was nearly faded with a bit too much force "Ow!"

"Be you ever so lucky my wee lost God of the south" Freya said as she stepped away from Petros and return her attention to the stew she was cooking "Go get ready for supper. I refuse to have you eat

at my table half dressed and smelling of a crypt"

"I can do one of those things, but I leave you to decide which one" Petros said as he gathered his bag of armor and tunic "Bathe or dress?"

"Both" Freya said with a pointed look though it was obvious she was trying hard not to grin "Or no supper!"

Petros rolled his eyes a little at this before he made his way to the door "You know, I'm starting to think that me being sent here was a punishment..."

"Funny, I was thinking the same thing just now" Freya teased before she remembered something "That reminds me, how many of Odin's Ravens saw you?"

"I stopped counting them after ten" Petros said as he stopped at the door and glanced back at Freya "There's a whole conspiracy of them out on the edge of your woods"

"Conspiracy?" Freya repeated the odd term.

"Unkindness" Petros amended, he forgot that what his people called a flock of Ravens were different to what Freya's people called them.

Still, calling their flocks 'Unkindness' was odd in his opinion, though given that in Greece Ravens were seen as bad luck, he supposed it sort of fit.

"Good" Freya said with a nod before she glared over Petros's shoulder towards the woods outside her home "Tomorrow we'll start clearing them out from the surrounding forests. If Odin wishes to spy on me, he's going to find his efforts greatly more difficult than before"

"You think it'll get him to stop completely, if he finds it's too much work to keep spying on you?" Petros asked.

"I doubt he'll ever truly stop, but if we keep it up long enough, it may at the very least force him to seek out other methods of spying on us" Freya stated, causing Petros to sigh.

"I guess that's the best we're gonna get out of this, huh?" Petros asked.

"Afraid so" Freya nodded a little sadly "Sorry"

"It's fine" Petros waved off Freya's apologies before he stepped outside "I'll be back in a few minutes"

"The stew will be waiting for you" Freya called after Petros.

The Grecian God grunted in response before he leaped up into Chaurli's branches and towards his little dwelling to store his armor for the evening, along with his new bracers.

It wouldn't be until later in the evening when Petros lied down that night for sleep that he realized that he forgot to ask Freya about the odd feeling the woods was giving off...

Oh well, he could always ask in the morning.

...

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And done.

Next chapter, Unexpected arrival...

# Unexpected arrivals and hunters

answers to reviewers questions or statements:

**Ricc850** : New God Peter in that he has more abilities and access to advance technology.

**legendarydeagonknight** : Laufey has been called a Goddess in some sources of ancient Norse mythology and Kratos is a goddess in this so...

**WeAreVenom5** : Possibly.

**BobIsBadAtEnglish** : Petros will become much less apathetic towards humans for the most part, but he won't always go out of his way to save them. He'll more or less only ever step in if it's clear the humans are out of their depth or has a vested interest in their well being, but other than that, he'll leave them to figure it out themselves. Thanks to Kratos and a few other mortal Demigods from Greece, Petros may never come to ever fully trust a mortal again.

**Storm** : Since they're not actual Spartans from Sparta, he probably won't give too much of a damn about them.

**HighPaladinRath** : She's in the harem, yes.

**Jason Chandler** : Mimir did say that at one point Odin did seem to well and truly love Freya and did take her apparent betrayal pretty bad. So seeing her with someone else may leave a bad taste in his mouth and compel him to do something... brash.

**ArashiNokitsune** : Unlikely, as Petros's nature as a God from another realm would still draw the attention of the Aesir, something that Brok and Sindri want nothing to do with.

Disclaimer: I don't own any Marvel or God of War characters seen, mentioned or used.

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"Freya?"

"Hmm?"

"Not that I don't enjoy being in your company, really, I do, but is there a reason why you brought me all the way out here to help you forge for more herbs?" Petros voiced the question that's been tugging at the back of his head since Freya first awoken him this morning, well before the first light of the sun even began to tease the dark skies above.

He was quite content to remain in his warm, cozy bed for another several hours, dreaming of the days when he once walked the literal Divine halls of Olympus itself. Then he was shaken from his slumber by a somewhat impatient Freya, who later told him she spent the better part of half an hour trying to rouse him, and asked to accompany her to an oddly named 'Lake of Nine' to help her in her forging for specific plants and mosses that grew along the banks of the lake. After traveling across the land for the better part of a day, half of which was spent on a boat that carried them a good ways on the river, Petros soon found he was next to useless in helping Freya with her task and was all but reduced to being a glorified sentry for her.

At least, that's what he's ended up becoming in his mind.

"Perhaps I simply enjoy your company and don't wish to be alone" Freya teased with a flattering grin aimed at the Grecian God before she returned her attention to what seemed to be a forest of seaweed that hugged the southern shores of the lake.

"Under most circumstances I'd entertain believing you..." Petros said from his spot along the rocky shore while Freya waded through waist deep waters that made ice feel warm in comparison "But sadly, for you that is, this isn't one of those circumstances. Would you like to try again?"

Freya didn't respond right away as she seemed to finally find the specific stalk of seaweed she's been looking for and drew a small knife and used it to sever a arm's length portion and slip it into a bag

she had hanging from her waist. Once the dripping, salty smelling plant was secured within her bag, the Vanir Goddess turned and pointed out towards the large structure that rested in the center of the massive lake.

"Because of that" she said after a few seconds.

"What is that place?" Petros asked.

It looked like... well he wasn't sure exactly what it looked like or what it even was to begin with. It could've been a palace of some sort, though long abandoned given the lack of people present. Or perhaps some sort of fort or military stronghold.

"A temple, Týr's temple to be precise" Freya said as she paused in her gathering and stood upright to glance at the temple with a distant expression on her face "It was built years ago by craftsmen from the other realms, the last great show of cooperation among the different races, to honor Týr for all he did for us"

"Týr... Týr... Týr..." Petros mumbled as he tried to remember the God's domains "I forgot, what did he represent?"

"He was the Aesir's God of War" Freya said with a small smirk as Petros's head snapped towards her, eyes wide with surprise "I know, odd that a God of such a domain would be so beloved. Especially one of the Aesir"

"Well I've noticed that the people in this land do seem to like fighting" Petros said as he turned his attention back towards the temple "Half the Gods of your kind and the Aesir seem to represent an aspect of war to some degree"

Honestly, Ares probably would've loved it here.

"But Týr never waged war for the sake of it, but rather, he sought to end conflicts and bring about peace" Freya said with a sad, yet distant smile "He always believed in the best of others... even if they were never deserving of it in the first place"

Petros hummed at this before his gaze flickered back towards Freya "So I ask again... why bring me here?"



"I've seen Odin walking the temple's bridge from time to time before retreating to within the main structure itself" Freya said with a sniff as she began to make her way back towards the rocky shore that Petros inhabited "If he is there, I do not wish him to approach me, thus-"

"I'm being used as a deterrent" Petros said with a sigh.

Of course that's the reason such a beautiful Goddess like Freya would want him around. Though if Odin was as powerful as Freya said he was, Petros wasn't sure what sort of resistance he could mount against the Aesir God King.

"Yes..." Freya said with an apologetic smile, her mind drifting along a similar path that Petros's own thoughts trekked "Though I do enjoy your company, really. It's nice to have someone to speak to when I'm out forging for supplies to use in my craft"

"What, your boar doesn't stimulate your need for conversation on these little subjoins of yours?" Petros asked dryly.

"Well he has yet to try and undress and engage in fucking me like you have" Freya said with a laugh, causing Petros to groan.

"How long are you going to keep bringing that up?" Petros asked with a shake of his head as he and Freya began to walk along the rocky shores, slowly approaching a more sandy area of the lake's shoreline.

"Until you do something equally or more embarrassing" Freya teased with a giggle.

"You are a cruel mistress-" Petros began before he suddenly stopped mid-step as his entire head seemed to shake as if Mount Etna itself had erupted from within.

Freya continued for another several before she noticed that Petros had lagged behind and stopped to see what was wrong. She hadn't even managed to open her mouth to voice a question before Petros suddenly scooped her up in his arms, crouched, then leaped towards the tree line as a sudden explosion of bright light and

energy erupted out on the lake and a massive influx of water raced towards the shoreline and quickly enveloped it.

Freya clung to Petros with a grip so tight that nothing in all of creation would've been able to pry her loose as Petros landed on a shaking pine before jumping off it as the water below suddenly slammed into the ancient oak, snapping its trunk and causing the hundred year old tree, and dozens like it, to fall into the rushing waters of the Lake of Nine. Petros gritted his teeth in slight pain as his head seemed to throb to the point he was seeing spots in his vision as he raced ahead of the encroaching tidal wave, hopping from tree to tree, any stone that was of sufficient height and when he found himself in a small clearing, he'd put every bit of strength he had into his legs and sprinted towards the nearest high ground he could find.

Eventually the raging waters began to slow and lessen in their intensity, causing the near searing flare of pain in Petros's head to subside which in turn caused the Grecian God to slow his pace. Freya still clung to him like a lifeline as she cautiously peeked over Petros's shoulder to see what became of the landscape behind the pair.

The trees that surrounded the Lake of Nine were all but gone, with only the tallest of pines still being somewhat visible amongst the waves that marked the new boundary of the Lake of Nine. The rivers that connected to the lake had also expanded in width and depth from the sudden influx of water from its parent source. Freya felt a brief pang of sorrow as she remembered that a few small fishing villages dwelled along those river's banks. Steam had also enveloped the area, mainly along the shore and Týr's temple, causing the far shore to appear as if nothing more than a vague hazy outline...

And lying almost in the center of the Lake, its body half collapsed upon Týr's Temple while the rest remained partially submerged within the still raging waters of the lake, was a massive white scaled serpent.

"By the Norns..." Freya said with wide eyes as Petros slowly came to a stop a good mile from the now greatly expanded Lake of Nine

and let Freya down.

Petros spared the surrounding countryside a very brief glance before his eyes settled on the apparent cause for this great geological alteration, a massive white snake like creature that dwarfed even the mighty Python Apollo slayed several times over at least.

"What in the name of Chaos is that thing?" Petros said, his gaze snapping towards Freya to see she was shocked at the sight before her.

"That's... it's..." Freya said as she seemed to be struggling to find words to describe what she was seeing with her own eyes "It's the World Serpent... Jörmungandr"

"Jörmungandr?" Petros repeated, the name sounding a bit strange on his own tongue before he turned back to stare at the massive serpent "Why's it called the World Serpent?"

Silly question, in hindsight, given how unbelievably massive the creature seemed to be. Petros had no idea how long the beast was, a good portion of it's body seemed submerged within the Lake of Nine and enveloped amongst the scattered forests that managed to lie outside the initial devastation of the serpent's arrival.

"It's... it's said that it's so large that it's body encircles all of Midgard" Freya said as her eyes darted around the massive entity's form, taking note of wounds that looked to still be healing "It's been said that Thor and Jörmungandr will do battle at Ragnarök. But... but he shouldn't be here. Not until we're closer to the end of days at least"

Petros paled a little as a very particular bit of information about the apparent 'Twilight of the Gods' came to mind "So would him being here now mean... end of the world, nine realms, whatever?"

It'd be just his luck that he winds up in a land where it's end was right around the corner.

"No, at least, I don't believe so" Freya said with a slow shake of her head as she studied Jörmungandr as the colossal serpent seemed

to be finally regaining it's bearings "Specific events must come to past first before such a calamity is to unfold, none of which have as of yet"

"How would you know?" Petros asked as he glanced at Freya.

"Well... the sun has yet to be captured by one of the great Giant Wolves" Freya said as she squinted her eyes while looking up at said celestial body still shining brightly in the sky "And a great and terrible winter that's to last three summers would've started long before than. So I think, for the time being, Ragnarök isn't on the horizon"

"Well... that's a relief" Petros swallowed nervously as Jörmungandr finally seemed to regain all of his senses and began to look around at his new environment, hissing and making deep throaty noises that sounded like thunder almost... until his gaze stopped at the sight of Petros and Freya and his entire being seemed to freeze.

"Don't... make... any... sudden... movement..." Freya said slowly as she held Jörmungandr's gaze.

"Believe me, the terror I'm feeling is making sure I don't" Petros whispered out of the corner of his mouth.

He didn't sense he was in immediate danger, but something told Petros that if the snake moved, it'd be moving fast. Petros doubted even the likes of Ares, who was always looking for a grand and bloody battle, would want to pick a fight with Jörmungandr. Petros doubted that even Heracles would face such a creature if it was one of his Twelve Labors.

Jörmungandr let out another hiss, the odd fleshy tendrils that hung from the underside of his jaw and chin vibrating from the sound, before he reared himself up even higher in an effort to make himself larger and more intimidating.

"Freya..." Petros whispered through the corner of his mouth as the massive snake continued to hiss at them.

"Give me a moment!" Freya whispered back as the runes tattooed to

her arms began to glow briefly before the two were suddenly enveloped within a bright light mere seconds before Jörmungandr's massive fangs tore into the ground they once stood.

Jörmungandr hissed in frustration as he tore his fangs free of the earth, shaking his head in attempt to dislodge some of the trees that were now caught between his teeth before huffing in annoyance.

...

"That is the last time I ever come with you anywhere" Petros exclaimed as he and Freya had reappeared outside of her home, miles away from the Lake of Nine and it's newest inhabitant.

"How is what happened in any way my fault?" Freya asked with a surprised expression on her face.

"It just is" Petros stated as he glanced in the vague direction the Lake of Nine was before he noticed something odd about the nearby river...

It's tide seemed to have risen a good two meters and now completely submerged the small dock that Freya once had.

"It seems Jörmungandr's sudden appearance had far more reaching effects than it seemed" Freya said as she noted Petros's gaze was now on the slightly larger river.

If the river here had enlarged so much, even when it was miles away from the Lake of Nine, she couldn't begin to calculate just how far the influx of water from the lake had gone. And undoubtedly, even more settlements, small homesteads and towns along these rivers were either swept away from the influx of water or rendered uninhabitable.

*'It'll take me weeks to fully analyze the region to see just how much damage Jörmungandr's has caused'* Freya thought with a frown before her gaze flickered up towards the sky *'Norns only knows how Odin will react to this'*

Very poorly at best, he never did like something so unexpected that he never once considered it happening in the first place happening.

She wondered if he'd take his frustrations out on whatever woman he's decided to bring to his bed in an effort to breed a strong son or perhaps Mimir. And given Jörmungandr's apparent battle to the death with Thor come Ragnarök, the horrid God of Thunder may make an appearance within Midgard to challenge the beast early. If for nothing else, because it was a giant and Thor's spent the better part of sixty years hunting down every Giant in the realm and killing it with his bare hands or his hammer.

"So what are we going to do?" Petros asked as he turned his attention back to Freya "About the big snake I mean"

"What can we do?" Freya asked with a snort "In case you hadn't noticed Petros, but you and I aren't exactly capable of mounting any sort of attack upon him"

"So, we hunker down and wait for him to move on than?" Petros said with a slight tilt of his head that Freya thought was rather adorable.

"Somehow I doubt he'll be leaving the Lake of Nine any time soon" Freya said with a shake of her head "It's the deepest and largest body of water for him to inhabit for close to a hundred miles in any direction. and with winter fast approaching, he might be less than inclined to travel"

"Will your former husband take an interest in Jörmungandr?" Petros questioned the Vanir Goddess "Since he apparently has some part to play in Ragnarök and will apparently fight one of his sons?"

"More than likely, yes" Freya said with a tired sigh as she started for her home, already dreading the Aesir that'll be crawling all over Midgard in the coming weeks and force her and Petros to remain inside her woods until they leave.

"Fantastic" Petros said dryly as he followed Freya into her house after it emerged from the ground "And given our mutual aversion to crossing paths with Odin and any of his people, I'm going to assume we'll be staying within your forest for a while"

"Yes" Freya said with a grin on her face as she made her way over

to the fireplace to begin preparing it for lunch "Some could say the Norns are favoring you this day"

"How so?" Petros asked as he watched Freya bend over at the waist, giving him a great view of her rear, as she started a small fire to heat up the pot she had hanging in the fireplace.

"Not every man can say they're trapped within a magical forest with a beautiful Goddess such as myself for company" Freya said in a teasing tone as she looked over her shoulder at Petros, her smile and eyes alight from a hidden promise "Whatever shall we do to pass the time, I wonder..."

"For a Goddess that was very put off about me taking my clothes off, you seem a little eager to get them off yourself" Petros remarked with a hum before the squeal of a nearby boar drew Petros's attention towards the window of Freya's home and looked outside to see Hildisvíni roaming about without a care in the world "Hn, stupid pig"

"He's a boar" Freya shot Petros an annoyed look "And stop being so mean to him"

"He's an ass is what he is..." Petros commented as he saw the boar look at him and quickly extended his middle finger towards it.

Hildisvíni responded with a loud roar that was more of a louder than normal pig squeal and began to run around the yard, kicking up dirt and huffing in frustration. Petros snickered at the boar's response before he turned back to find Freya glaring at him.

"He's not the only ass I see" the Goddess stated, causing Petros to scowl.

"Well... at least I don't smell!" he countered.

"Congratulations on bathing regularly enough to not smell like a boar" Freya said with a shake of her head before she turned and headed back to the fireplace to begin prepping the pot for a broth she intended to make.

Seeing that Freya will be busy with cooking for the time being,

Petros decided to return to his own dwelling and restore the magical bracers that he bought from Brok and Sindri.

*'And I thought my brother could be such a child. Divine maturity can not come soon enough for this man'* Freya thought before she realized something and let out a loud, annoyed groan "Ahh, gods dammit!"

"What?" Petros stopped and stuck his head back through the doorway "What is it?"

"I lost my bag of herbs back when Jörmungandr first appeared" Freya said with a disheartened expression on her face "Now I'm going to have to find a new lake to gather my plants before winter arrives"

"Oh... well let me know how that goes" Petros said with a wave as he turned to leave "As for me, I have a pair of bracers I wish to test out"

Soon as he finds a way to get that mystical gateway in the caves beneath Freya's home to allow him access to the branches of the World Tree... and figures out how the bracers work exactly in their ability to apparently manipulate the primordial energies of Yggdrasil and use them to travel around whatever realm they were being used in.

Not in that order mind you.

...

*"It's not right for you to fight my battles, I'm to be a great warrior, not some boy that hides behind the skirts of his sister!"*

***"A priestess of Athena such as yourself as no business being so terribly, terribly beautiful"***

*"Momma, momma, look what I found!"*

*"She's beautiful, just like her mother. I pity the men she'll leave heartbroken as she grows... and the men she'll undoubtedly break"*



***"Swear yourself to me child, and no one will ever harm your daughter again. Swear to carry my message to the farthest reaches of Greece itself with these blades and no man shall ever harm your child!"***

*"What in Zeus's name have you done!?"*

***"Kratos, there is something you must know..."***

*"Kratos!"*

***"STOP!"***

*"MOMMY!"*

***"F-F-Fuck... y-you... Ares's w-whore-"***

*"KRATOS NO DON'T-!"*

Kratos's eyes shot open at the voice of a man long since dead screaming at her, begging her to stop.

The once Goddess of War stared up at the dark rocky ceiling of a cave she took refuge in for the night. The fire she had burning had long since gone, leaving only smoldering embers to weak to re-ignite. The bare stone she laid on was as cold as ice and parts of it dug into the woman's back, one of them being the still healing wound she inflicted upon herself with the Blade of Olympus.

With a groan of pain the Spartan woman pushed herself up into a sitting position before a gust of cool air from the mouth of her dwelling caused her to shiver and pull her tattered cloak closer to her frame. A year ago Kratos, despite her demeanor, was once considered one of the most beautiful Goddess on Olympus, nearly rivaling Aphrodite herself, but now she looked no better than some dirty harlot found in some dung ridden alley in a backwater town.

Her once glossy black hair had faded to an almost gray color and was riddled with knots, and her once voluptuous and athletic body was now thin, un-feminine and undesirable to even the likes of a beast.

With a sniff, Kratos glanced down at her arms, the chains were gone, but their mark was still burnt into her flesh, into her very being, forever branding her as the wielder of the Blades of Chaos. Shaking her head, Kratos slowly climbed to her feet, her body weak and weary after traveling through the vast sands of Egypt for the better part of a year. She had yet to encounter any of the land's Gods, though she knew they were aware of her, watching her.

After seeing what happened to their Grecian neighbors, she supposed they had a right to be a bit weary of her very presence. Still, so long as they left her be, they could do whatever the hell they wanted-

***"Was it all worth it my dear Kratos?"***

Kratos froze at the voice, her entire body stiff as the stone she stood upon as she slowly looked over her shoulder, her eyes wide with shock as she saw the one being she thought she'd never be tormented with again.

Ares... Olympus's first God of War.

Her former Patron turned arch nemesis looked exactly like how she remembered him, minus being unbelievably tall. Red-ish orange colored hair that glowed and moved like fire, a dark brown sleeveless tunic underneath a equally brown colored breastplate with armored shoulder pieces resting over it that had monstrous wolf faces carved into them. His knee high armored boots and bracers were covered in chains that seemed to be rusted from blood.

***"Look at you"*** Ares sneered at the Spartan woman before he all but spat the next words out ***"Once the mightiest warrior in all of Greece, a literal Goddess, reduced to some rat hiding in a cave hundreds of miles from your home!"***

"Your... your not real..." Kratos said with a shake of her head as her hands flew up to cover her ears, her cracked nails scraping the still healing scabs that laid about her ears from when she clawed at them in an effort to drown out Athena's voice only yesterday.

At this, Ares smirked cruelly ***"YOU of all people dare to say me***

***being here is impossible? How many times have you escaped death's hands itself? If I recall correctly, you did kill him and later on his master"***

Kratos shook her head again, hoping that the image of Ares would be dispelled while said God stood up and began to slowly pace around the broken woman.

***"You now, that has me thinking, you killing Hades and Thantos"*** Ares hummed as he cupped his chin in mock thought ***"The Underworld is bound to be in a state of chaos that hasn't been seen since the days before Hades assumed command over it. I wonder if Elysium was spared from such disorder, or more accurately, Cal-"***

"DON'T SAY HER NAME!" Kratos shouted at the God's image, tears leaking down her hollowed, slightly sunken face, giving her a wild, almost feral look.

Even a Harpy would seem desirable in comparison at this point.

"Ah, it has crossed your mind, hasn't it?" Ares chuckled darkly, his eyes glowing with mirth "Do you think the malevolent souls condemned to Tartarus made their way there? Souls of men who haven't seen such beauty and felt such comforts for centuries... tasted such sweet innocence-"

"AHHHHHH!" Kratos screamed like a wild animal as the Blades of Chaos seemed to appear out of thin air, their chains wrapped tightly around her arms to the point they bled and the blades glowed with fire.

With a savage cry, Kratos brought both blades down on 'Ares's shoulders and watched as the blades seemed to pass through the God before striking the stone beneath. Ares's image laughed as it slowly faded away, leaving a crying Kratos alone in the cave, her hands gripping the handles of the Blades to the point that her knuckles, burnt from the merciless Egyptian sun, cracked and began to slowly bleed out and trickle down her fingers. The Blades of Chaps seemed to almost shiver in delight as Kratos's blood slipped between her fingers and touched the handles she was holding

before the dark haired woman let loose a wild yell and threw the blades as far from her as she could.

The Hades forged weapons clattered across the stone floor, leaving small cuts and scratches on the stone.

"Damn you, damn you, damn you..." Kratos sobbed, unsure if she was cursing Ares or herself for what she's become, for what happened to her precious daughter.

***"You have no one to blame for this but yourself, Spartan"***

Kratos's head snapped up at the sound of a new but painfully familiar voice. Standing only a few feet away from the near rabid woman was another figure, this one a woman, dressed in much more ornate armor with long flowing robes lying around the Godly forged metal. Unlike Ares who almost appeared physical, the woman was translucent and a grey-white color with small orbs of pale green energy radiating off her.

"Athena!" Kratos hissed at the illusion of her half sister.

***"Kratos..."*** Athena muttered as she leaned forward and extended a hand out to cup the other woman's face before a snarl followed by a swipe of Kratos's arm through's her's stopped it ***"Even at your lowest you act little better than a animal"***

"An animal that you reduced me to!" Kratos snapped as she struggled to her feet, glaring at the bitch that ruined her.

***"Admittedly I had a influential role in where you've found yourself, but once more you refuse to accept personal responsibility for your current predicament-"*** Athena began before a punch that flew harmlessly through the Goddess's face stopped her.

"FUCK YOU!" Kratos snarled as her body began to shake from the sheer and unrelenting rage she felt for the Goddess that betrayed her "FUCK YOU TO THE DEPTHS OF TARTARUS YOU BITCH!"

With another yell, Kratos lunged towards Athena only to pass through her body and slam into the ground on the other side of the

dead Goddess's shade. Athena looked down at Kratos with a mixture of pity and disappointment before she faded away, leaving Kratos behind to rant and rage at the Goddess. The cave shook as Kratos slammed her bloodied fists into the ground, cracking stone and causing a few stalactites further in the cave to fall towards the ground and shatter. Eventually the rage that fueled Kratos's actions faded, leaving the woman sitting on her knees, staring at her bloodied hands, the nails chipped or torn off entirely, as the darkness of the cave slowly enveloped her in its cold embrace.

The tears that leaked down Kratos's cheeks had long since dried but her eyes remained red and watery while her body shook from silent choked sobs as her mind was assaulted with memory after memory of her daughter, her brother, her mother, of every single person that she ever killed. Kratos brought her hands up and covered her ears in a futile attempt to muffle the voices of these people, but all it seemed to do is make them louder inside her head.

And if Kratos bothered to listen hard enough, she could hear high-pitched, cruel laughter at the very borders of her mind.

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"You are cruel, Gelos" a woman wearing a silver hooded cloak said as she stared at the cave that was currently sheltering Kratos some miles away.

With the moon shining high in the nighttime sky, the pale glow caused the woman's cloak to almost glow in kind. Across the woman's back was a equally silver bow, forged from metal rather than wood, and a quiver of arrows with barbed tips and coated with a unique venom extracted from the corpse of the Hydra after it was first slain by Heracles.

"I'm only having a bit of fun is all" a man of average height said with a hint of laughter in his disturbingly soft voice "And as a added bonus, I'm slowly wearing her down for when you deliver the final blow my dear Artemis. You'll need every advantage you can with her, hehehehe. Something your dead lover very much needed before he was ran through"

The Grecian Goddess of the Hunt turned her head slightly towards the God of Laughter, her eyes narrowed in contempt "Gelos, I will make you rue the day I spared your miserable existence when this is over. I swear it"

Gelos grinned as he reached up and pushed a few thin red strands of hair away from his ghoulish like face that seemed permanently settled into some sort of a parody of a smile.

"Hahahaha, and they say you can't be funny my dear"

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And done.

Next chapter, Hunter under the stars...